

249
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

No. XIX.

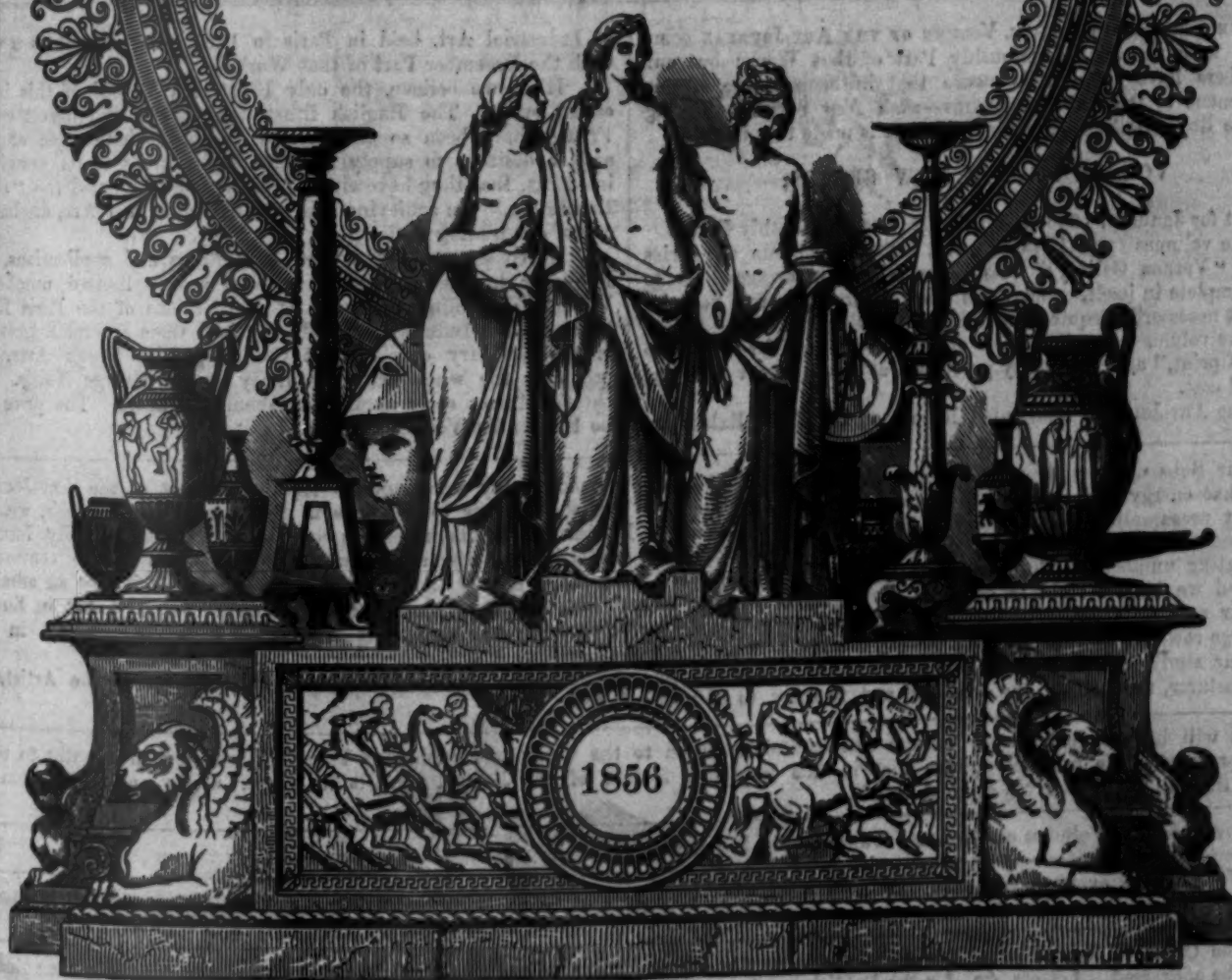
JULY.

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THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. MARY ANOINTING THE FEET OF CHRIST. Engraved by W. GREATHACH, from the Picture by RUBENS, in the Royal Collection at Windsor.
2. MILKING TIME. Engraved by J. GORDREY, from the Picture by P. POTTER, in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.
3. PAUL AND VIRGINIA. Engraved by E. ROFFE, from the Group by W. C. MARSHALL, R.A.

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THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL VOLUME OF THE ART-JOURNAL commenced with the January Monthly Part of that Work; but our Subscribers have been made aware that in consequence of our arrangement to issue a NEW SERIES—such *New Series* beginning with the Royal Gallery—the aforesaid Part is made to commence

VOL. II. OF THE NEW SERIES;

the Part for January, 1856, being the Thirteenth Monthly Part.

The volumes from 1849 to 1854, inclusive, contain the series of the "Vernon Gallery;" this series is also so arranged as to be "complete in itself," and those who obtain these five volumes will not necessarily require the volumes preceding.

The volumes preceding those of 1849 have been for some time "out of print," and are readily purchased at prices larger than the original cost.

The ART-JOURNAL Illustrated Report of the Great Exhibition

of Industrial Art, held in Paris in 1855, was brought to a close with the December Part of that Work.

It is, we believe, the only Illustrated Record of this interesting event. The English illustrated papers, and also those of France, have been so absorbed by the melancholy topic of war, and so desirous to supply pictorial explanations of its prominent incidents, that they have either neglected or repudiated the "Great Exhibition." In achieving this work we have, therefore, discharged one of our leading duties.

In consequence of several suggestions and applications, the Publisher has been induced to issue a very limited number of Volumes containing the pages of Illustrations of the Paris Exhibition of Art-Industry: introducing into them several Engravings of the Statuary exhibited at the Palais des Beaux Arts, and prefacing the whole with the Essay by Mr. George Wallis. For these Volumes early application should be made. The price will be 10s. for the Volume bound and gilt.

Our Subscribers will, we trust and believe, find that we have made many arrangements for the conduct of the ART-JOURNAL with that energy and industry to which we owe its prosperity. We shall labour to continue in that useful course which, we may without presumption assert, has been fruitful of much good to British Art in its higher as well as in its comparatively humbler departments. We obtain continual evidence of the increasing estimation in which the subject is held, and of the continually augmenting numbers of those who feel interest in it; more than that, "the commercial value of the Fine Arts" is now an admitted fact, and we have a right to expect a proportionate success to a Journal which stands alone, not only in England, but in Europe, as their representative. Eighteen years is a long period to have laboured: the consciousness that we have not laboured in vain is a large reward: and the ordinary recompense cannot have failed to accompany it.

Our study ever has been, and ever will be, to render the ART-JOURNAL an associate almost indispensable to the Artist, the Manufacturer, the Artisan, the Amateur, and, in short, to all lovers of Art.

It will be our duty to pay minute and careful attention to the wants and wishes of Manufacturers, and frequently to report their progress. We are fully aware that in this important feature of the Journal consists its larger utility, and that from this source the public have derived especial benefit.

Covers for the Volumes of the ART-JOURNAL can be had of any Bookseller at Three Shillings each.

We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers, should be forwarded, as usual, to 25, Paternoster Row.

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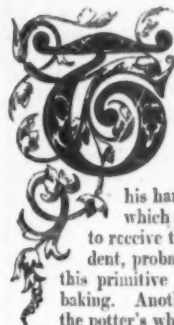
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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1856.

THE PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY OF CHINA.



THE making of Pottery has ever been one of the first Industrial Arts practised by mankind. Before they have learned the use of metals, or the mode of working them, the rude inhabitant of uncivilised countries shapes with his hands the vessel of unbaked clay which serves either to hold water, or to receive the ashes of the dead. Accident, probably, led to the discovery that this primitive ware might be improved by baking. Another step in progress produced the potter's wheel, which gave symmetry to the irregular forms fashioned by the hands. The Panathenæan vases of Greece; the terra-cotta statues of Etruria; the Samian ware of ancient Rome; the elegantly turned pottery of Magna Græcia; the lustrous ware of Moorish Spain; the iridescent majolica of the Mediterranean shores; the rustic pieces of Bernard Palissy; the terra-cotta groups of Luca della Robbia; the Raphael ware of Pesaro; and the perfect porcelain of China and Japan, had no other beginning than the bowl of clay shaped by the untutored hand of the savage.

All these different productions of the Ceramic Art have, in their turn, been the admiration of our race; but Athens, Etruria, Rome, Magna Græcia, and Moorish Spain, have ceased to exist as nations; the processes of the Palissy and of the Della Robbia family have been lost; and the few relics of their Ceramic Art which have been preserved to the present time are amongst the most valued Art-treasures of archaeologists. China alone, which began ere they began; which was a great nation when they were each and all most powerful; is still a great nation when they each and all have passed away, and are no longer reckoned amongst the nations.

The first making of pottery in China is lost in the obscurity which hangs over the mythological Emperor Hoang-ti, the Potter; the invention of terra-cotta in China belongs to the Emperor Chun, also a potter, whose reign verges on the confines of mythology and true history. When the Roman Empire was in its zenith, and the Christian era had not yet begun, China alone had achieved a triumph in the Ceramic Art by the invention of the true hard porcelain. While the great empires of the West were trodden under foot by the northern barbarians, China, safe in her isolated position from all but Tartars, went on from century to century perfecting her Art, guiding, as it were, by the unity of one mind, the untiring industry of her vast population. All the emperors—as well those of the Tartar as of the Chinese dynasties—fostered and encouraged the porcelain manufacture as the brightest jewel of their crown. While Europe was passing through the troublous times known in history as “the dark ages,” the Chinese porcelain manufactory was in full activity, producing in succession “white jars brilliant as jade,” vases “blue as the sky after rain,” or “of the colour of rice,” or “red as the sun after rain.” Then flourished the Chinese artists Tchong and Chu, and others famous in the history of Chinese porcelain, whose untranslatable names convey no meaning

to an English ear. And the Art-manufacture continued to prosper while distant Europe scarcely knew of its existence, save from the incidental account of some early traveller. Although some specimens had been brought to the Moorish states of Northern Africa during the middle ages, none were seen in Europe until the return of the Portuguese from their long voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, introduced this beautiful product of the Ceramic Art to the West. Europe saw and admired; many nations tried to imitate that which for nearly two hundred years proved inimitable. The soft porcelain of France, which was first made in 1695, and the soft porcelain of Bow and of Chelsea, of Derby and Worcester, though beautiful in their kind, were greatly inferior to the hard porcelain of China. It was not until 1706, that is to say, one thousand seven hundred years and more after its invention in China, that Böttcher, then in the employment of Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony, and King of Poland, succeeded, after many trials, in making hard porcelain. He kept his secret so well that hard porcelain was not made in France until 1768 or 1770. England, however, did not acquire the Art until a much later period.

The Chinese porcelain manufactory has now existed for upwards of eighteen hundred years, and still shows no signs of decay—a circumstance unprecedented in the history of nations.

Shortly before the commencement of our era, some Chinese emigrants carried the Art to Japan; there it prospered among that exclusive people, and there it still prospers. Some connoisseurs prefer the porcelain of Japan to that of China.

From the beginning of the 16th century almost to the Chinese war in our own times, China was looked upon by Europeans as a land of wonders and mystery, from which foreigners were excluded with jealous pertinacity: a land rich in tea and silkworms; whose industrious population produced porcelain and lacquer-work by unknown processes, and with unknown materials; whose sovereign was the “brother of the sun and moon,” and “son of heaven;” whose men wore tails of hair on their heads; who suffered their nails to grow like claws; who used cats for timepieces; who tied stones to their donkeys' tails to prevent their braying; and who eat birds' nests, rats, and puppies; and whose women had small feet, which were, it was said, cramped and crippled in infancy in order that they might not roam far from home.

The issue of the war, which was successful as far as we are concerned in opening the ports of China, increased our knowledge of the country; our intercourse with the Chinese has now more of reality, less of the marvellous.

The Chinese are a decidedly literary people. Education is so generally diffused that almost every man can read and write. They had stereotyped books in the 8th century of our era, and movable types of baked clay a hundred years before Gutenberg's discovery. Their published works have found a place in the public libraries of Europe, and European professors have begun to study the language. A new field of literature is thus opened to us, and translations from the Chinese are among the most recent literary productions. The most valuable of these to our country is decidedly one on the History and Manufacture of Chinese Porcelain—a French translation of which we feel much pleasure in introducing to our readers. We are indebted for this translation to M. Stanislas Julien, Conservateur-adjoint of the Imperial Library at Paris, a member of the Institut Français, and Professor of the Chinese and Manchou-Tartar languages. M. Julien is already known in this country by his work, entitled, “*Resumé des Principaux Traités Chinois sur l'Éducation des Vers à Soie et la Culture des Mûriers*,” which has been translated into Italian, German, English, Russian, and modern Greek, and which Mehemet Ali ordered to be translated into Arabic for the use of the Syrians. A translation from the Chinese, by an author whose previous work had been so well received, would have deserved our attention, even if the subject had been much less interesting than we find it.

Independently of the passion for old china, which, although not so general as it was some years ago, is still prevalent in this country; the fact that the manufacture of porcelain constitutes one of our Art-industries—and a very successful one too—invests the work with a social value which otherwise

it might not possess. It is no slight recommendation of M. Julien's translation* to say that his rendering of the passages descriptive of the technical processes of the porcelain manufacture in China has obtained the approbation of M. Salvétat, Professor of Chemistry at the Manufactory of Sèvres.† But the interest taken by M. Salvétat in the book is not limited to a simple expression of approbation; he has imparted to it additional value by an introductory preface relating to the manufacture of porcelain, and by the useful practical notes on almost every part of the process by which he has illustrated the technical part of the Chinese work. In order to render the account of the porcelain manufacture as complete as possible, Dr. Hoffmann, of Leyden, has added a memoir, translated from the Japanese language, on the porcelain of Japan.

The first of these oriental works thus happily introduced to European readers by this learned trio is divided into seven books, some of which are historical and descriptive, the remainder technical. The whole are copiously illustrated with woodcuts of the various marks and characters by which the different kinds of porcelain are distinguished, and the fifth part by a series of plates to which we shall again allude.

Beginning with the historical part, and assisted by M. Julien's excellent preface, we shall endeavour to give a brief abstract of the rise and progress of the porcelain manufactory in China. The Chinese, as M. Julien observes, are the only people who possess an exact chronology which extends from the most remote antiquity to the present time. Whether their early history is more trustworthy than that of other nations is perhaps doubtful. Their official annals ascribe the invention of pottery to one of their emperors, Hoang-ti, who, they say, ascended the throne in the year B.C. 2698. In early times, nations selected their monarchs for their personal prowess or qualifications; it was reserved for the Chinese to elect for their sovereigns men skilled in the art of the potter. The Emperor Chun, also, before he was raised to the throne, B.C. 2255, made pottery in the province of Chang-tong. All the Chinese authors are agreed that the manufacture of terra-cotta vases began in this reign, and no other kind of ware was made until the Tsin and Han dynasties, B.C. 249—202.

The invention of porcelain proper, which took place in the district of Sin-p'ing, ranges, according to M. Julien, between the years 185 B.C. and 88 A.D.—no less than one thousand six hundred years before the discovery of the process in France; but if the Japanese account of the porcelain manufacture in that country, in the year B.C. 27, be correct, the invention must be placed between 185 and 27 B.C.

For a long time the process of the manufacture in China was slow and uncertain. During the Wei dynasty (220—264 A.D.) the manufacture extended itself in various localities. The only peculiarity recorded of the porcelain made under the dynasty Tsin (265—419 A.D.) is that it was of a blue colour, and much valued. In the year 583, the manufacturers inhabiting the district of King-te-tchin were ordered to make porcelain for the use of the emperor, and to send it to his capital Kien-Kang (now Kiang-ning-fou), the capital of the province of Kiang-nan.

As early as the time of the Soui dynasty (581—618), we find that some of the ancient processes had been lost, and that the green porcelain made by Ho-tehcon to replace it was much praised. In 621, the manufacture of porcelain was generally diffused over the country, and the names of many artists have been preserved as the inventors or improvers of peculiar descriptions of porcelain. About this time were produced the vases which acquired the name of *artificial jade*, and the porcelain of Ho, on a white ground, “brilliant as jade.”

In 954 was made the porcelain of Teh'ai, which was “blue like the sky after rain,” whence its name. It was, says a Chinese writer, “blue as the sky, brilliant as a mirror, thin as paper, sonorous as a k'ing (a musical instrument), polished and lustrous, and as remarkable for the fineness of its veins, or

* “*Histoire et Fabrication de la Porcelaine Chinoise*, ouvrage traduit du Chinois par M. Stanislas Julien, accompagné de notes et d'additions par M. Alphonse Salvétat; et augmenté d'un *Mémoire sur la Porcelaine du Japon*, traduit du Japonais par M. le Docteur Hoffmann. Paris, Mallet-Bachelier, Quai des Augustins, 55, 1856.”
† See M. Salvétat's Preface, p. lxxviii.



crackles, as for the beauty of the colour." The secret of making this much admired ware was lost after a few centuries; when, such was the estimation in which it was held, that those who were fortunate enough to possess fragments of it wore them in their caps of ceremony, or fastening them to pieces of silk, used them as necklaces. We can only notice briefly the beautiful crackle porcelain ware of "the elder brother" of the Tchang family; the delicate pale blue ware of "the younger brother," A.D. 960; the works of the venerable Chu, who excelled in modelling in porcelain different kinds of animals, birds, and similar objects. The daughter of this artist, called "the fair Chu," was even more skilful than himself in this line of Art, and her vases for flowers were each worth several ounces of silver. The famous "porcelain of the palace" (A.D. 1127) was so called from the manufactory having been established in the house of the director of the palace of the capital of the dynasty of Song, after their removal into the south.

Passing over the Mongol princes of the dynasty of Youen (1260—1349), we come to the great dynasty of Ming (1368—1649), under whom the porcelain manufactories became much more numerous, although their productions still preserved the delicacy and beauty for which they were remarkable. Even now the Chinese antiquaries set a great value upon some of the porcelain of the Siouen-te and Tch'ing-hoa periods of this dynasty. Among the most valued may be mentioned the cups of Lo, ornamented with crickets fighting; especially those made by two young girls, sisters, called Ta-sieou, the ornaments of which—also crickets fighting—were engraved in the paste with a pointed tool. Between 1463 and 1487 flourished an artist in porcelain named Kao-tha-jin, who ornamented the top of his jars with the flower of a *Pæonia montana*, and the foot with a hen and chickens full of life and movement.

The commencement of the 15th century was an era in the history of the manufacture of porcelain in China; for the pigment known as cobalt blue, which had been manufactured in Germany in the latter part of the preceding century, was then introduced into China. The Chinese called it *Hoëi-tsing*, and were so pleased with the new colour that for an equal weight they willingly paid double the price of gold. "When," says our author, "it was generally known that it would bear the fire without changing, the emperor ordered it to be used on porcelain, to which it gave an antique grace. For this reason the porcelain of this period (1506—1521) with blue flowers is exquisitely beautiful." Previous to this time the Chinese had used for their blues the impure ores of cobalt found in China.

Between the years 1522 and 1572, we read of the coarse and common jars, basins, bowls, and other ware made at Hong-pong, of the skilful imitations, by the venerable Tsou, of the beautiful porcelain before-mentioned of Lo and the sisters Ta-sieou. From these meagre annals we gladly turn to an interesting account of an artist who flourished in the next period, 1567—1619, and who rejoiced in the long name of *Teheou-tan-ta'iouen*, which we have M. Julien's authority for contracting into Teheou. This Teheou was one of the most skilful artists of his time; and, possessing in perfection the imitative powers for which his countrymen have always been remarkable, he exercised his talents in making counterfeits of old porcelain; his tripods, pipkins, sacred vases, ornamented with animals and with lanciform handles, so closely resembled the originals, that it was impossible for those not in the secret to distinguish the one from the other. They were eagerly sought after by collectors, who valued them as they would gold; in fact, as much as one thousand ounces of silver (7500 francs) have been paid for a single specimen. Teheou was quite an original in his way, and delighted in carrying his beautiful vases in his own hands to the houses of those antiquaries whom he knew to be passionately fond of old china. M. Julien relates the following anecdote, which is equally illustrative of the character and wonderful skill of this artist:—

"Teheou one day embarked in a merchant-vessel of Kin-Tchong, and repaired to the right bank of the river Kiang. As he passed Pi-ling, he landed to pay a visit to Thang, the president of the sacrifices,

and asked his permission to examine at his leisure an antique tripod of the porcelain of Ting, one of the ornaments of the president's cabinet. With his hand only he took an exact measurement of the tripod, then he took an impression of the veins or crackles with a piece of paper which he concealed in his sleeve. After which he returned to his abode at King-te-tchin. Six months after this occurrence, he paid another visit to Thang; drawing the tripod from his sleeve, he said, 'Your excellency possessed a tripod and pipkin in the white porcelain of Ting, I also have one which you now see exactly like it.' Thang, full of astonishment, compared the new with the old, which he had preserved with the greatest care, and could not detect the least difference; he fitted the tripod and cover of the new one to his own pipkin, and found that they suited with the greatest accuracy. He inquired whence Teheou had obtained this curious antique. 'Sometime ago,' replied the artist, 'I asked your permission to examine at leisure your tripod. I took its dimensions in every part with my hands. I assure you that this is an imitation of yours; I have no wish to impose upon you.' The president, satisfied of the truth of these words, purchased Teheou's tripod for forty ounces of silver (300 francs), and placed it in his cabinet by the side of the other, as if the two had originally formed a pair. The tripod of Teheou was afterwards seen by one Thou-khieou, who was seized with a passionate desire to possess it. By day he could think of nothing else, by night he dreamed of it. At last, overcome by his entreaties, Thang yielded the tripod to him for the sum of one thousand ounces of silver (7500 francs, or, according to M. Natalis Boudot, equivalent to 25,000 francs at the present time) (£1000 sterling), and the delighted collector carried away his treasure to enrich his own cabinet."

Among other artists of this period was Ngeou-kong, who distinguished himself by his imitations of the crackle porcelain of "the elder brother," of "the Mandarin china," and the porcelain of Kiun. The most esteemed specimens of his works were the veined china with the red and blue enamel. A more original artist was he who called himself, "Ou, the old man who lives in solitude." He withdrew from the world, but produced in his retreat vases of the finest quality, and most elegant form. His most celebrated productions were the saucers ornamented with clouded diapering, and the cups of *egg-shell china*, which were eagerly purchased at any price. The ware called "the vases of Ou" were elegant and in good taste, generally of pale blue, but without crackles; in imitation of certain old china, some were coloured with purple and *feuille morte*. Thang-in-Siouen, who flourished between 1662 and 1722, was the maker of the porcelain known to collectors by the following names:—1st, green of the snake's skin; 2nd, yellow of the cel; 3rd, fine blue; 4th, yellow spotted. Nien, the director of the imperial manufactory at King-te-tchin, between 1723 and 1735, was no less remarkable for the care with which he selected his materials than for his skill in the fabrication of porcelain.

We conclude our notice of the Chinese artists with a short account of *Thang-ying* (1736—1795), the co-director with Nien of the imperial manufactory, and who is said to have surpassed all his predecessors in his successful imitation of old china, and the ingenuity of his own inventions. "He recommenced," say the Chinese writers, "the fabrication, long discontinued, of the jars ornamented with dragons and the porcelain of Kiun, and restored many of the old processes. Thanks to him, the grounds of dark blue and of brilliant red were again produced, and were much admired. Thang was indebted to his own genius only for the greater part of the wonderful processes which he adopted. The emperor, admiring the beauty of his works, and the improvements he had introduced, commanded him by a special decree to publish in twenty-two plates, accompanied by proper explanations, illustrations of all the different processes employed in the manufacture of porcelain." The fifth book of M. Julien's work contains the commentary of Thang-ying, which is said by one of his contemporaries "to bear throughout the stamp of intelligence, of talent, and of genius." Unfortunately, the imperial library at Paris does not possess a copy of the plates above-mentioned; but the translator has endeavoured to

remedy this deficiency by the introduction of other plates of the same nature, selected from albums in the imperial library.

The next part of the work will, we are sure, obtain the approbation of all collectors of old china. It consists of a catalogue and explanation of the principal marks which serve to distinguish the productions of different periods and different artists from others. For these we must of course refer to the work itself. It may, however, be interesting to the reader to know that these marks are of two kinds: "the first denoting in Chinese characters under what part of a reign certain vases were manufactured; but without indicating, in general, the date of this period, which always includes a certain number of years. The second mark expresses, either by a peculiar design, or by figures in enamel colours, the names of men or of manufactories; and indicates the name of the artist, the place where the piece was made, or its destination."

As an illustration of Chinese habits and manners, we shall continue M. Julien's explanation of the marks indicating a reign. He observes:—"When a monarch ascends the throne, as he has no proper name of his own during his life, he gives to the reign which is about to commence an appellation which serves to designate not only the emperor, but the whole period or any number of the years of his reign. Thus the words 'the splendour of the right way' expressed not only the name of the last emperor, but were intended to characterise the wise administration which was to prevail during his reign. The words 'universal abundance,' which designate the present emperor, presaged in the mind of the young monarch an era of prosperity which, owing to the sanguinary character of the revolution, has never been realised. When the emperor Tch'ing-tsung, who ascended the throne in the year 995 A.D., had founded, during the period King-te, the celebrated porcelain manufactory at Tch'ang-nan-tchin, he ordered that on every piece of porcelain there should be inscribed four words, which signified 'made in the years King-te' (1004—1007). But it happened, unfortunately, that the custom of dating the porcelain instituted by this monarch, after having been in use for upwards of six centuries, was suddenly discontinued by a prefect of the district King-te-tchin. This worthy (in 1677) prohibited the manufacturers from inscribing in future on their porcelain the names of the years, or from recounting the actions of great men—under the pretext that, if the vases should happen to be broken, the emperor designated by the period of his reign, and the holy personages reproduced in the painting, would be subjected to a kind of offence or profanation."†

M. Julien next gives an account of the geographical distribution of the porcelain manufactories; which is rendered clearer by a map made expressly for the work, and in which the locality of the different establishments is indicated. He informs us that thirteen out of the eighteen provinces of the empire contain manufactories, which are much more numerous in some provinces than in others. The location of the manufactories he considers to be dependent on the abundance or scarcity of the materials required for the composition of the porcelain. The English general reader would gain but little information from a mere list of the porcelain establishments; it will be sufficient to observe that they are most numerous in the northern and eastern provinces, especially in those of Kiang-si and Tch'iang. We shall now mention a few of the most celebrated manufactories. The first in point of antiquity is Sin-p'ing, in the province of Ho-nan, the seat of the first manufactory of porcelain. The factory at Nanking is, perhaps, the best known in this country. Its celebrated blue ware is familiar to most persons. There is some doubt, however, whether much that bears this name is not made at Japan. The famous porcelain pagoda is in or near Nanking. The manufactory which usually supplies the European and Indian trade is situated to the west of Canton, but the articles produced are greatly inferior to those of the next mentioned place. The most important of the porcelain manufactories are situated at King-te-tchin, a town or village of immense extent in the province of Kiang-si, and for upwards of eight centuries the seat of the imperial manufactory. This large village, which only wants

walls to be considered a city, contains more porcelain works than any other district of China; almost all the inhabitants are employed in the works. In the time of Père d'Entrecolles it contained eighteen thousand families, or about one million souls. It will interest the reader to know that the Chinese work, translated by M. Julien, was written with the professed object of giving an historical and descriptive account of the different kinds of porcelain made in the imperial manufactory of this town. We must find room for the following description of King-te-tchin by the Père d'Entrecolles:—

"King-te-tchin extends for a full league along the bank of a fine river. It is not a mere assemblage of houses, as one might imagine; on the contrary, the streets are laid out with regularity; they intersect each other at certain distances; the whole of the soil is occupied, and the houses are too close together and the streets too narrow. They are so crowded as to resemble a perpetual fair; on every side are heard the cries of the street-porters.

"The expense [of the porcelain works] is much greater at King-te-tchin than at Jao-tcheou, because it is necessary to bring thither not only all the materials, but the wood for heating the furnaces. Yet, in spite of the dearth of provisions, King-te-tchin is the abode of a multitude of poor families who cannot maintain themselves in the neighbouring towns. Even the young and the feeble find employment: the blind and the lame grind the colours. In former times, says the history of Feou-liang, there were but three hundred furnaces at King-te-tchin, now there are quite three thousand. It is not surprising that there should be many conflagrations; and it is on this account that the genius of fire has so many temples there; but the worship and honours paid to this divinity do not diminish the number of fires. A short time ago eight hundred houses were burnt. If one may judge by the number of masons and carpenters employed in that district, they were soon built up again. The profit derived from the rent of shops renders the Chinese very active in repairing damage of this kind.

"King-te-tchin is situated in a vast plain surrounded with high mountains. Those on the east, at the back of the town, form a kind of semi-circle; from the mountains on the side issue two rivers, which unite their streams; one is small, but the other is very broad, and forms a fine port, or basin, nearly a league in extent, where its rapidity diminishes. In this large space may sometimes be seen two or three rows of boats moored close together. Such is the spectacle which is presented when one enters by one of the gorges into the port. Whirlwinds of smoke and flames, which rise from different points, mark the length, the breadth, and the boundaries of King-te-tchin. By night one could fancy that it was a town in flames, or an immense furnace with many openings. Perhaps this mountain boundary forms a situation adapted for porcelain works.

"It is astonishing that a place so populous, so abounding in riches, frequented by so many vessels, and not enclosed by walls, should be governed by one mandarin only, and that there should not be the slightest appearance of disorder. It is true that it is only one league from Feou-liang, and eighteen from Jao-tcheou—but the local police is admirable. Every street has a chief established by the mandarin, and if the street be a long one, it has several. Every chief has under him ten subalterns, who each preside over ten houses. Their business is to maintain order, to attend the first appearance of tumult, and to give notice of it to the mandarin under pain of the bastinado, which is liberally applied. Frequently it happens that, although the chief has done all in his power to appease the tumult, and alleges that he has done everything he could to allay it, there is always a disposition to blame him for it, and it is difficult to escape chastisement. Every street is closed at night by barricades. The larger streets by several placed at intervals. One inhabitant of the quarter mounts guard at every barricade, and he dares not open it but upon certain signals. Besides this, the presiding mandarin, and sometimes even the mandarin of Feou-liang, patrol the town. No strangers are permitted to sleep in King-te-tchin. They must either pass the night in the vessels, or lodge with persons of their acquaintance, who are answerable for their conduct. This rigorous police maintains perfect order, and establishes entire secu-

rity in a place whose riches would arouse the cupidity of a multitude of thieves."*

The administrative organisation of the manufactory is as well regulated as that of the town. It is probably enforced by severe discipline. In their efforts to preserve order, the Chinese do not always consider justice or humanity, and cut off a man's head with as little compunction as they would that of an onion. The labourers are divided into bands, each of which is under the control and superintendence of a person who is answerable for the conduct and diligence of those who are under him. It would appear that the pay of the labourers is regulated by that of the articles made; for it is stated that in order to facilitate the calculation of their wages, the cost of its manufacture is stamped upon every article. The workmen receive their wages in the fourth and tenth months, and a gratuity at the end of the year. The painters, who are workmen of the first class, receive their pay four times a year. Besides the regular wages, every workman in King-te-tchin receives, on the day of the new moon in the third month, an extra allowance, which is called "market money, for the purchase of rice."

Whether manufactories of any kind, which are immediately under the control of government, are always advantageous to the nation in an industrial point of view, is a question which does not come within the scope of this article. The porcelain manufactory at Sévres, and the Gobelins tapestry-works, are proofs that these national or imperial establishments are sometimes beneficial; that they are not absolutely necessary is seen by the prosperous state of our own manufactures, which depend for their advancement on the talent and energy of private individuals, and for their maintenance on the support of the country at large. The great advantage of royal manufactories appears to consist in this:—that, as the object of the government is to improve the articles manufactured, and not merely to sell them at a profit, national establishments can afford to expend more time and money in the prosecution of experiments than private individuals; and the rewards they hold out to men of talent enable them to secure the assistance of the most able professors and workmen. The imperial manufactory at King-te-tchin, although it appears to have been attended with the advantages alluded to, had, certainly, very much the character of a monopoly. Several kinds of porcelain were ordered to be made for the exclusive use of the emperor, and were distinguished as such by a particular mark; at all times the finest specimens were selected for his use.

It was probably advantageous to the porcelain manufactory that in the period Tchi-te (583) of the dynasty of the Tchin, the emperor ordered the inhabitants of the place now called King-te-tchin, to pay their tribute in porcelain vases of a particular description. Among so many workmen there would of course be dishonest ones, and the inducements offered by private manufacturers were frequently sufficient to induce them to betray secrets, to purloin materials, or otherwise to consult their own interest instead of that of the imperial manufactory. "When," observes a Chinese writer, "the workmen had received an order for the palace, they either furnished the objects required or paid a fine, and worked on their own account. This is the reason why the only flourishing manufactories are those of the people; yet there are very few of these artists whose names have been preserved." "In every manufactory," continues the same author, "there was a register, in which was entered all the porcelain manufactured; those persons who made any clandestinely were rigorously punished. Is not this a convincing proof that porcelain paid duties into the treasury?"

The greatest vigilance on the part of the authorities could not always prevent the workmen from appropriating valuable colours. The governor of Yun-nan, it seems, monopolised cobalt blue, on its first importation from the West, for the use of the imperial manufactory; but when the beauty and importance of the colour were discovered, the workmen, from sordid motives, stole what they could of it, and sold it to private manufacturers. Very rigid enactments were made in consequence, and at last succeeded in putting an end to the practice.

* "Lettres Edifiantes," quoted by M. Julien, pp. lxi-lxiv.

If the Chinese emperors were monopolists, it must be acknowledged that they were also very good customers to the porcelain manufactory. The early Chinese work on the manufacture of porcelain, already mentioned as having been published in 1325, and as having passed through twenty-one editions, contains a list of five pages quarto of the porcelain that had been furnished for the use of the emperor. M. Julien enumerates a few of the items; the numbers of each article are enormous:—31,000 dishes ornamented with flowers; 16,000 white plates with blue dragons; 11,250 dishes with white grounds, with blue flowers, and dragons holding in their claws the two words Fo (happiness) and Cheou (longevity). The increase in the next article is remarkable, and indicates either a great consumption of wine, or a peculiar fragility in the ware used for this purpose; it is as follows—184,000 cups for wine, ornamented with flowers, and with dragons in the midst of clouds.*

In the porcelain manufactories in China and Japan the division of labour is strictly enforced: a simple cup or saucer passes through seventy-two hands before it is finished:—

"Every kind of round vessel, ornamented with blue flowers, is manufactured by hundreds and thousands. If the paintings are not identical, the irregularity will produce an unpleasant effect. For this reason he whose business it is to make the outline does not study the art of applying the colours; and on the other hand, he who applies the colours cannot draw. By this means the hand is exercised on one thing only, and the attention is not divided. Those who sketch and those who paint are placed by themselves in the same atelier, in order that their work may be uniform."

The author then goes on to enumerate the different workmen, all of whom are confined to the use of one tool, or to the performance of one operation. There is no doubt that this arrangement is advantageous to the manufacture, for practice makes perfect; but the effect on the workmen themselves must be far from beneficial; it converts them into mere machines, which are ever repeating the same monotonous action. Where no inducements are held out to the workmen to improve the processes, the dullest man, if industrious, may be as well paid as the most intelligent; and the intellect that is not awakened by exertion, and stimulated by the hope of reward, is sure to retrograde.

The manufacture of an article which passes through so many hands and so many processes as porcelain, must necessarily be attended with much uncertainty and occasionally with failures, not to mention the accidents arising from the extremely fragile nature of the composition. In order to meet these inconveniences, the Chinese manufacturers find it necessary to make double the number of articles required. The difficulties are much increased where the articles to be made are of large size—and some of the vases with covers are nearly two feet and a half in height. Some idea of the extent of the manufactory may be formed from the statement in the Chinese work that an order is sometimes received for 500 or a 1000 of these large jars, for 500 large vases for the gardens, and 300 for flowers; especially when it is considered that the number made must actually be double what is required, in order to allow the manufacturer to select the best articles, and to reject all that are broken and defective.

In connection with this last subject we find in our Chinese work some curious statements and observations. It appears† that all defective articles of every description are thrown into a heap, where they remain until they are purchased at a valuation by some itinerant dealer. Many persons, it is stated, have become rich by purchasing these rejected articles. There is at King-te-tchin, continues the Chinese author, a class of men extremely skilful, who collect defective articles from the manufactory; they polish on a wheel those which have uneven surfaces, and repair those which are cracked or broken. There is a certain kind of porcelain described as "porcelain to which has been given a false lustre," which, although not broken, is full of concealed cracks. Men who are adepts in deception purchase these at a low price, and coat them with some preparation which, for the moment, consolidates them; but they

* Page lxiix.

† Page 273.

fall to pieces as soon as boiling water is poured into them."

Notwithstanding the care with which the Chinese endeavour to preserve all their processes, several of them have been unfortunately lost. Among the latter is a curious process which Père D'Entrecasteaux thus describes:—"The Chinese," he says, "had the art of painting on the sides of a piece of porcelain fish or other animals, which were not visible until the vessel was filled with some liquid." The following account embodies all that is known respecting this secret. The porcelain to be painted should be very thin. When it is dry, the colour is laid on with great strength, not on the outside, as usual, but on the inside of the sides of the vessel. Fish being most appropriate are usually chosen for this purpose. When the colour is dry, a thin coat of the porcelain paste is applied over it; and this serves to enclose the azure [colour] between two layers of porcelain. This is suffered to dry; when the glaze is applied on the inside. After some time it is put on the wheel, and the outside is ground as thin as possible without laying bare the colour. It is then enameled on the outside, and fired in the usual way. The work is extremely delicate, and requires a degree of skill which apparently the Chinese no longer possess. They make attempts, but in vain, to recover this magic art. One of them, however, assured me that he had again tried, and almost succeeded."†

The memoir relative to the porcelain of Japan is, as before observed, a translation by Dr. Hoffmann, from the Japanese language. It is part of a work in that language entitled, "Representation and Description of the most Celebrated Productions, Terrestrial and Marine," which appeared in five volumes, accompanied by illustrations, in 1799.

The porcelain manufacture of Japan was founded about B.C. 27, by some emigrants from the peninsula of Corea,—descendants, it is said, from the dynasty of Ts'in, who were expelled by the Han dynasty (B.C. 203). This art, observes M. Hoffmann, possessed by the new colonists, may be considered as one of the elements of Chinese civilisation and industry, which procured for these colonists a marked preponderance over the other inhabitants of Corea. Like many other elements of Chinese civilisation, it passed from Corea to Japan. But the art was far from making in Japan the progress it had done in China until, in 1211, a Japanese manufacturer, accompanied by a bonze, repaired to China, and learned all the secrets of the art; so that, on his return to Japan, he was able to manufacture some objects that were much admired. As late as the end of the 15th century, a Japanese prince brought workmen from Corea to make the porcelain called Fagui-yaki. For several centuries Japanese porcelain has formed an important and valuable article of commerce, and now ranks, with its lacquer-work, among the most beautiful articles of oriental industry. Japan porcelain is of more recent introduction into Europe than Chinese, and was probably unknown in this country until the latter half of the 16th century. The best of the many kinds of porcelain made in Japan is that known as Imari-yaki. It is not made at Imari (a much frequented port of the province of Fizen), but in the factories, twenty-four or twenty-five in number, situated on the declivity of the mountain Idzumi-yama, whence is procured the white earth of which the porcelain is made. Some of the best productions of Imari are imitations of Nanking china; and the earth of which they are made, though procured near Imari, is called Nanking earth.

The system of the division of labour, so generally carried out in the Chinese porcelain works, prevails also in Japan. Dr. Hoffmann states that every work, even the smallest saucer, passes through the hands of seventy workmen, from the moment of forming the paste until it has received the last finish. The blue substance used for colouring the Nanking porcelain, as it is called, is brought from China; it is a native mineral, consisting of a cobaltiferous peroxide of manganese.

We propose in a future number to give a brief description of the composition and mode of fabrication of the Chinese porcelain, and of the pigments employed in painting the china; preceding our notice by a few general observations suggested by the perusal of the work. M.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

MILKING TIME.

P. Potter, Painter. J. Godfrey, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 9½ in. by 2 ft. 6½ in.

PAUL POTTER, a native of Enkhuysen, in North Holland, was born in 1625. In his history we find one among the many examples which might be adduced to prove that a long life is not essential to gain an immortality of renown. Struck down by consumption ere he had reached his thirtieth year, he yet had accomplished in Art what will for ever ally his name, in his peculiar walk, with the greatest painters of any age or time. We scarcely pass too high an eulogium upon him by saying that, as a painter of what the farmer would call "stock," he stands without a rival; and this opinion is given with a full appreciation of all which both his countrymen and our own have produced in this way. Next to the extraordinary faculty with which he was endowed—for even at the early age of fourteen he exhibited such proofs of talent as to be considered a prodigy in his profession—the great success of Potter may be attributed to his constant and close study of Nature. It has been truly said that "she was, indeed, his nurse in childhood, his mistress in youth, and his constant companion to the end of his days. He bestowed unremitting attention on every object and circumstance that might tend to give beauty or picturesque effect. The dawn of day frequently found him in the field. The dewy freshness of early morning, the dazzling brightness of the mid-day splendour, and the glowing refulgence of the declining sun, together with the variable appearance of the atmosphere, resulting from mists, rain, and wind, are depicted with unequalled truth by his magic pencil."

When about twenty years of age, Paul Potter went to reside at the Hague; but the last six or seven years of his life were passed at Amsterdam, where he died in 1654. In Mr. Fairholt's article, "The Home of Paul Potter," published in the number of the *Art-Journal* for May, the reader will find an excellent account of this fine painter, and of the country which was his studio.

Although he left comparatively few pictures behind him, about 150 genuine specimens have been assigned to him by connoisseurs who have made his works their study: the sizes of some, and the exquisitely delicate finish of almost the whole, proclaim the industry with which he laboured during his brief career. To the extreme beauty of his pictures, no less than to their rarity, must be ascribed the difficulty which the collector finds in meeting with them; and the high price he is compelled to pay when the opportunity is afforded for making a purchase. They may be valued at many guineas the square inch of canvas. Within the last century or longer, his paintings have wonderfully increased in value—for instance, one which was sold in 1780, at Leyden, for £495, in 1816 realised £1480. His famous work, "The Young Bull," now at the Hague, was sold at Haarlem, in 1749, for £57; it is now valued at 5000 guineas. "Four Oxen in a Meadow" was sold, in 1750, for about £25; in 1812, it rose to £320; and in 1815 was purchased for the late Emperor Alexander, of Russia, for about £2800; it is now in the Imperial collection in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. Numerous other examples might readily be cited to show the increased value of Potter's pictures.

"Milking Time," or, "The Dog and her Puppies," as the picture is usually called by connoisseurs, has been universally classed among the leading works of this painter; Dr. Waagen calls it "Pleasing in composition, and admirable in execution." Its history and its gradual rise in value is traced back for a century in Smith's "Catalogue." In 1754, it was in the collection of M. Lormier, from which it passed into that of M. Braamcamp, who sold it, in 1771, for £364, to M. Randon de Boisset, who parted with it, in 1777, for £372. In 1800, it was sold from the collection of M. Geldermeester for £940. Whether or not it came at once into the Royal Collection, we know not, but presume that it did; it was exhibited at the British Institution in 1815, 1826, and 1827.

The picture is painted on panel; it is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.

A FEW WORDS

ON OUR NEAR NEIGHBOURS' TASTE AND OUR OWN.*

GENERAL DECORATION—TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE—COMMITTEES OF TASTE AND DIVIDED RESPONSIBILITIES—WREN'S REJECTED DESIGN FOR THE MONUMENT ON FISH-STREET HILL—L'ARC DE L'ETOILE AND THE COLUMN AND TOMB OF NAPOLEON—PAINTED WINDOWS AND CLOCK-CASES—SIMPLE STYLES OF DECORATION MOST SUITABLE FOR ENGLAND—HARMONY OF A STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE WITH THE HIGHER EFFORTS OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE A TEST OF ITS SUPERIORITY.

Present—MAGISTER and AMICUS.

Magister.—A great portion of Paris lives, by necessity, most humbly at home, and has to look abroad in the cafés and public places for all that is to please the eye; but when our neighbours do furnish their apartments, they do it with an elaboration unknown to us: and of this pictures and sculptures form but a small part. They are not content with two or three pictures and an ornamental clock, and a statuette or two in bronze or biscuit, but they try to make the whole room a work of Art—walls, doors, and ceilings. In this they do better than we, and are at least right in principle. We, on the other hand, are not ready enough to look on the lower classes of Art as of kith with the higher. Painting and Sculpture with us are inclined to ignore their less titled relations; on which account, as it lies in the way of their accommodating themselves to her ideas, Architecture, in her turn, is but too apt to ignore them—their own injustice hardly giving them a right to complain; and so the whole of Art suffers. In this the Art family might well learn from Aesop's "Fable of the faggot of sticks." It is only wonderful to me that the Arts, separate as they hold themselves here (like brothers and sisters not on the best possible terms), effect as much as they do.

Amicus.—For their domestic union then we must look across the channel, and learn from the French?

Magister.—Or from any other nation or time in which Art has had free scope. Its best things have arisen when it has been conglomerate, and not dispersed.

Amicus.—I suppose decoration is so much a necessity of life with the Parisian that he would rather have his *can sucré* in a handsome café than his "Chateau Lafitte" in a plain room!

Magister.—I don't know: eating and drinking is one of the Fine Arts in Paris, and they hold that as much harmony may be shown in a succession of "plats" as in the details of a picture. However, Fine Art is an essential there in everything—from the decoration of an Imperial Palace down to the gifts in every shop in welcome of the new year. At all times, however, half Paris appears to be employed in amusing the other half. To gratify the public eye is one urgent duty of government; and to employ their workmen is another, and these two requirements work well together.

Amicus.—For themselves and for the appearance of everything.—What a contrast the result presents to our capital!

Magister.—Paris puts his best foot foremost in making his first bow to the stranger. When you come to know him more, he is not quite so perfect.

Amicus.—Think of the Place de la Concorde!

Magister.—London has no *coup d'oeil* like two or three that Paris presents, but building for building, I believe we are richer in fine examples—for instance, where are there parallels to St. Paul's or Greenwich Hospital?

Amicus.—But take the Place de la Concorde as one metropolitan centre—think of our Trafalgar Square as another centre, and be humble.

Magister.—In that we view the sad results of committees of taste. The National Gallery was built by a committee of taste; the square was laid out by a committee of taste; and that lamentable Nelson Column was stuck up in the midst by a committee of taste.

Amicus.—A committee being a body who commit themselves!

Magister.—Sometimes; and the public also, and the nation to which they belong. This is one of the evils of divided responsibility. And thus a despotism, a concentrated one responsibility, is often a state more favourable for evoking fine public works of Art than one where the onus is divided among many.



MILKING TIME.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS



Amicus.—But Athens was a republic, and some good things were done there.

Magister.—In name a republic, but ever practically a despotism under some one or other. A republic is often but a name for a succession of masters. In committees of Art *variety of opinion* has not unfrequently resulted in a *compromise of crochets*—a fine example of which is Trafalgar Square. To commence with the Nelson Column: it was the grossest possible mistake that could be committed, "within the premises," to put up such a tall object directly in front of the portico of the National Gallery—a monster column before a group of little ones; by which unfortunate arrangement, in approaching by Parliament Street, King Charles, the column, and the portico, are all in one line and one another's way; whereas it is evident enough that the centre front approach *should not have been interfered with at all*; and any high objects added should have been not one, but two—say one in memory of Nelson, and the other of Wellington, as brother heroes, one on the right hand and the other on the left, in front of the unadorned wings of the Gallery; leaving the portico, the only really fine portion of that building, unencumbered and free.

Amicus.—That indeed, seems "on the cards." It is a great pity it can't be all pulled down and done over again! and then you might have a centre "Fountain of Britannia," which would have been very proper for our isle-born goddess; and she might extend wreaths, naval and military, much as the figure of France does hers on the Palais de l'Industrie; and you might have other worthies on pedestals all round, and christen Trafalgar Square the "Place of the Heroes."

Magister.—I do not think a centre object of any kind was required or appropriate in Trafalgar Square. There was as much already in the centre line as could exist there advantageously, in King Charles's statue and in the portico. Whatever was added of a lofty character should have been *twin*, and have been placed on either side, where the fountains are.

Amicus.—And what poor specimens they are—I mean the fountains! How different to those in the Place de la Concorde!

Magister.—All that can be said for our two is, that they are not worse than nothing; and that perhaps they may lead to something better hereafter by accustoming us, in our public places, to fountains, which are subjects capable of so much high Art. Wherever you see a fountain, you see people amused with looking at it; there is something in moving water that is ever attractive, be it the waves of the sea, or a river, or a torrent, or the humbler Art-efforts of man. The Place de la Concorde fountains are ornamental and pleasing enough, especially when they are both in full play in the warm, clear sunshine of a Parisian summer day.—I have nothing to say against them, except that they possess no marked originality. In truth to say, as a set off to our Trafalgar Square, I view the Place de la Concorde, in spite of your, and, I allow, general admiration, as no marvel in point of decoration. It possesses some naval bronze columns which are really good pieces; but on the whole, in the Art-decoration of that great place, which it is so much the fashion to praise, I suppose I am a great heretic, but I see little to admire. Its situation is everything that is delightful, but what has French Art done to enhance it? The just taste of keeping such a grand open space as a centre of the best part of Paris is unquestionable. But that acknowledged, what more has been done by French Art? What can be more indifferent than the colossal, heavy, sedentary cities of France ranged round the area (not one of them good either in design or execution) on ambiguous-looking compounds of pedestal and sentry-box; and as regards the centre ornament—the eye of the whole area—the culminating point of its attraction—the centre of the Art-centre of Paris, how has that been supplied? by their own Art-power? No! for this apple of the eye of Paris she had to go—at least, she chose to go—back to a work executed some two or three thousand years ago by a semi-barbaric race, and had to send all the way to Laxor for what was originally a unit of two decorations in front of an Egyptian temple. Assuredly, this manifests either a want of resource or a want of taste: a want of resource, if France could not herself produce a more appropriate and pleasing centre decoration for her vaulted square; and a want of taste if it could, and

notwithstanding placed there this great splinter of granite.

Amicus.—Well, they are very proud of it, and the feat of erecting it there has been thought worthy of being inscribed in letter and diagram on the base.

Magister.—The same thing having been done in Egypt, ages ago, without their thinking it worth while to say anything about it. That I am very well pleased to stop awhile in the Place de la Concorde when I am in Paris, and look about me, I woud deny; but my pleasure certainly does not arise from the scheme of its Art decorations—for, indeed, it is in my idea very short of what it might have been, especially as regards originality; and I must add that, though there is a vast deal to admire in French public works, originality does not seem their strong point. The Napoleon Column is a copy of Trajan's, the Arc de l'Etoile a compromise between the arches of Titus and Septimius Severus, and the same remark applies, though in less degree, to the Madeleine and the Bourse—which, though impressive from their size and the amount of judicious labour of various kinds bestowed upon them, suggest their types at once.

Amicus.—We can't say much for the originality of our columns—those of Nelson or Duke of York, or that on Fish-street Hill!

Magister.—But that on Fish-street Hill was not the one the great Sir Christopher desired to put up: his design was truly original—a column on fire! a type of the Great Fire of London it had to commemorate—with gilded flames out of the windows of the staircase, forming a spiral succession of decorations up to the top, with a beautiful architectural finial of a phoenix rising from its ashes, to typify the rebuilding of the great city on an improved plan. I know not which to admire most in the design I have seen of this—the appropriateness of the thought, or the beauty and fitness of the architectural proportions and detail. The one that now stands on Fish-street Hill, with its sheaf of fire on the top, was erected to meet the wishes of others, not his own.

Amicus.—I suppose there was a committee!

Magister.—Perhaps so; however, it was not the artist's fault; had his wishes been followed, London might have boasted a *thoroughly new column*, a real addition to the architecture of the world—which certainly the Napoleon Column is not. As to the Arc de l'Etoile, its details are good, but its outline is not of a nature suited to its scale; its only originality is its size, and that is, I conceive, a mistake, and a mistake you can hardly get rid of in any part of Paris; for, from its elevation of situation, its huge box-like outline and mass, it asserts itself in every quarter of Paris, dwarfing the very town it is an introduction to, and the approach it should enhance.

Amicus.—Like a large lodge to a small house. But it serves more than one purpose—at least I have been told it is a barrack, and has accommodation for a thousand soldiers.

Magister.—As a colossal guard-room, its size may be useful; but viewed merely as a work of Art, I conceive it to be much too big.

Amicus.—Its proportions are certainly enormous, which is the reason, no doubt, that, like a mountain, no picture or representation gives you a just idea of its size.

Magister.—No; it is hardly till you are ascending it that you can realise this. Its greatest virtue is the ample and beautiful view its summit affords of Paris. However, some of its sculptures are very good—those on the Paris side especially. The group of War is the best, very well composed and extremely splendid—indeed, one of the best specimens of modern alto-relievo, and so recognised in Paris, for you see many a print and photograph of it.

Amicus.—What do you think of the tomb of Napoleon, in the Chapel of the Invalides?

Magister.—The arrangement of the sarcophagus in the open crypt—if it may be called a crypt under such circumstances—and all under the dome, is very fine as you look down on it from above, and was a noble thought. Nothing can be more simple and impressive than this part of it is; but I cannot extend my admiration to the gewgaw and rococo of the screen, or to the *charlatanerie* of the blue and orange lighting—the same thing, only on a larger scale, that is done in the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte at Windsor. The tableau effects of fairy light are now so artistically rendered in theatrical extravaganzas,

that rivalry with them is ill-judged enough, especially as associated with solemn subjects.

Amicus.—But were this done away with, surely a good deal of the whole effect of the tomb would be lost. It appears to me that much of the impression depends on the peculiar light that is cast on all around.

Magister.—But its very effect fades when the eye gets accustomed to it; the impression it makes does not remain. I give all honour to the thought of the tomb under the dome, and to the circular open vault; but the artifice of the light is not a worthy one in my estimation, and lowers instead of raising the subject with which it is associated.

Amicus.—But why is it worse than other painted windows which we admire in other buildings?

Magister.—They are works of Art in themselves, either as pictures or decorations—the lights they cast are but their secondary effects.

Amicus.—But these secondary effects are surely among their most beautiful results? Milton's "dim religious light" was one tinted by the hues of painted glass.

Magister.—I would not say that painted windows are not appropriate in other buildings than Gothic ones; but assuredly they form a true portion more of that style than of any other, for the pictures in that style of architecture naturally go into the windows. They are these architectural illuminated missals: thus the varied tints arising from them in Gothic interiors are peculiarly harmonious. At the same time they are to be considered as incidental rather than as primary efforts. Even in a Gothic building I should not like *plain coloured glass without subject*, merely for the sake of the tint it would throw; the artifice would be too evident, as it is in the tomb in question.

Amicus.—However, the architect had to please the public, and the Parisians like it.

Magister.—A great man like Visconti might have afforded to lead the taste. But on the whole, the tomb of Napoleon is a most excellent work, and I hope we may have something half as noble for Wellington in St. Paul's.

Amicus.—But that would be impossible, unless they should put it under the centre of the dome in the same way; and that could never be done, I suppose, for various reasons.

Magister.—Over the centre of the crypt, where repose the ashes of the great Duke!

Amicus.—And of Nelson too. And does not this suggest a united monument?

Magister.—Which would be commemorative too of both naval and military service?—Assuredly. But how could that be done? St. Paul's has already a monument to Nelson by Flaxman, and that could never be ignored.

Amicus.—Well, there seems a great opportunity somehow for something very grand and very new.

Magister.—And very British too, I hope, with no importation of foreign taste unsuited to our simplicity, as coloured windows; but chaste, dignified, explicit, and Anglo-Saxon.

Amicus.—And no French taste in it, I suppose?

By-the-by, we use the expression French taste in opposite senses (like the word "nervous"). We use it for praise and for blame; we exclaim, "What a charming display of taste in the French capital, and in the getting up of its festivals; and how tastefully French women dress!" All the goods and bads in our shops are called French to sell them; and yet, on the other hand, if anything offends, as too artificial and elaborate, the cry is "That's too French."

Magister.—All that too without stopping to remark whether what is reprobated is really French or in French style. Our attention to substantialities having allowed our neighbours to get beyond us in details of effect in the ornamental Arts generally, forces our respect to them in these in great degree—hence the use of the expression "French taste" as *praise*; on the other hand, our innate love of the virtue of simplicity repelling us from the artifice and amount of over-elaboration which we so often witness in foreign works, and which we feel not to be the right thing, although we do not as yet quite know what to put in their place—hence our use of the expression "French taste" as *blame*. It cannot be denied, indeed, in viewing that part of Art in which we are considered especially deficient—Decorative Ornament applied to Manufacture—that there is hardly a French design which we wholly approve for its taste, although we buy it for its details, and

because on the whole we cannot get anything so good in effect for the same price. Take clocks, for instance—I mean ornamental clocks for drawing-room mantel-shelves—did you ever see a French one thoroughly satisfactory to English taste? I never did. I am sure there is a good field now open for a manufacturer in that branch of trade, to take up the making of clock-cases for the English market, and specially to suit English taste. We make the best movements; why not the best cases? Such a trade would advance British formative decoration in more ways than one. A clock is an important feature in a room, and consequently people will pay more for clock-cases than they will for other things in proportion. In Paris, a high class of skilled workmen is mainly supported by the production of these, which are sold to all the world; and the talent so evoked, is occasionally turned over to other decorative objects; and thus the advantages of the "pendule" manufacture are spread over a large surface of formative ornament, especially in metal-work. Why might not this be the case here? The demand in Paris for statuettes and high-class decorations for clock-cases rears up a corps of modellers, fitters, casters, chasers, and bronzists, all working into one another's hands. Thus the modeller lays out his figures so that it shall cut, or divide into pieces, so as to be, firstly, easy to cast—secondly, easy to fit and screw up together, and have its textures so arranged as to be effective in colouring; moreover, he calculates on the effect of the chasing—not finishing too much, but leaving only certain portions to be thus touched forcibly and effectively. Now all this working together, by which the greatest amount of effect is produced at the least possible price, is only to be obtained by the various individual talent required being employed in *unison on continuous work*. This is in France, and might be here, the result of a speciality; and as I said before, I do not know a more promising scope for an enterprising and intelligent manufacturer to take up than a "pendule" manufacture, simply because there is a want to be supplied; for if an Englishman wants a handsome ornamental clock for his chimney-piece, he really does not know where to get one to please him.

Amicus.—Then here at once you would enjoin that the path of French taste should be quitted, and this in a department which they have long held as especially their own?

Magister.—You asked me some time ago if I thought French taste really healthful for us, and this is an example of what I think on this head—viz., that French taste is rarely thoroughly in accordance with ours. I will own that most frequently French articles of decoration are all extremely attractive at first; but it is very rarely they will stand the test of pure taste and examination. In looking closer you feel this part is redundant, and ask yourself the question, "What has that other part to do with it?" And then in fancy you begin to lop off this, and to lop off that, till, lo! at last nothing remains. The most showy French ornamental articles are decked out in this way with a redundancy, of which the ingenious confusion alone hides its inconsistency. Now this is not the mode in which really fine things are done—things that you are never tired at looking at—fitted to be standard friends. After looking carefully at the subject of French decoration, out of the multiplicity of attractive designs at first sight, you will find but very few that are really satisfactory, like the fine things of Greek and Roman Art; and, moreover, even in their arabesques, a pruriency is often apparent. The composite creatures, and fragments of creatures, introduced in their designs being scarcely delicate, which is certainly not good taste!

Amicus.—Then if we are to have a national style it is to be a simple one—is it also to be a new one?

Magister.—As to a national style being altogether a new one, the world is too old, I fear, and the human intellect has been too long employed on such matters for it to be that. The French materials for their Art *cuisine* are from all styles, from Greek to Chinese; the flavouring, however, is their own: and we must do the like, perforce, at least in degree, for we have no reason to disbelieve that nearly all the best elements of decoration have been grasped already. The distinction might be, as our neighbours select usually the more decorated elements, we should choose the more simple.

Amicus.—But be copyists after all?

Magister.—There is less variety, or rather, perhaps, a less number of simple elements of decoration than you may be at first aware of: you find them existing in common in all styles. It is chiefly in re-arrangement that we must look for novelty. This offers a far wider field than is at first sight to be appreciated; but I by no means by this deprecate novelty—very far from it; only I would say that a moderate introduction of novelty in ornament, whether suggested by fresh natural objects or individual invention, is sufficient to satisfy, and more likely to steadily advance our productions than a rushing after something altogether new. But I should add, as Englishmen, let us ever keep simplicity in view, and never put more ornament than is wanted, but let the little we put be of the best.

Amicus.—Then, if it be injudicious to start off at once after a new style, which is the style that you think at the present day is most in accordance with our tastes and requirements? I do not mean to be followed to the exclusion of the others, but to be most leamed to.

Magister.—In considering the question so, one cannot speak without reference to Architecture, as that is the case and frame of almost all kind of Fine Art: the other Fine Arts, whatever may be their relative height as displays of intellect, being fixed into it as one common setting, of which they are the adjuncts as well as gems. I should say then that the simpler class of Italian architecture was the most suitable for us generally, and that this would give a good keynote to the greater part of our other Arts, as far as they may be effected by periodic styles. The higher walks of Painting and Sculpture hold themselves somewhat aloof from periodic styles, and are cosmopolites both of country and time; but in as far as they are affected by contemporaneous styles of architecture, they would, I truly believe, be benefited by keeping in mind the simple, effective style of Italian Architecture—in connection with which the best pictures we have were produced.

Amicus.—And the best sculptures with the Greek.

Magister.—I am not sure of that with respect to a considerable number of them. I believe many of the statues viewed as having been done in Greece were done in Rome, although perhaps by Greeks. We know the Antinous was—But to return. In this country I should prefer to see most prevalent a style approximating to the simpler examples of Italian. I apply this especially to Architecture, but through it also to the other arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Decoration. This class appears to me almost to claim the name "European," it lends itself so well to all our exigencies. It is so useful as well as so strong, so simply ornamental. It is constructed of the noblest simple forms—the single column, the wall, the true arch, the dome. It affords most effective and varied light and shadows, and the opportunity for the employment of the most varied materials; it also suggests and offers starting-points, and affords spaces for the noblest class of decorative ornament; and last, not least, associates itself better in my belief than any other style with the highest class of Painting and Sculpture.

Amicus.—Then it was a great pity the Houses of Parliament were not in that style, as that is the largest field for the encouragement of the higher classes of the Fine Arts?

Magister.—Indeed, I think so—even as far as Architecture itself is concerned; although Gothic is a charming style for some edifices, and to be largely, though, I think, not exclusively, used for ecclesiastical edifices (for is our Christian creed of universal love to be restricted to one style of edifice? Certainly it is not fitted for our Houses of Parliament. Why, from the very debates there uttered rhetorical ornament is banished, and good substantial straightforward sense is now what is alone sought and attended to; and yet the building in which these are conducted is one mass of elaborate ornamentation—all over crochets, and finials, and grotesques, of which the infinity, outside and inside, bewilders the eye, and makes the very sense ache even while we admire the resources of the accomplished architect. No; I would have had the style of the Houses of Parliament like Whitehall or Greenwich Hospital—plain, substantial, and effective as common sense itself. Moreover, half the money employed in the over-elaboration of the style of the present building would have afforded funds for the noblest additions of our highest Arts to this national monument, had

this simple character been at first adopted. For association with the sister Arts, this style offers peculiar advantages, and is in our climate better perhaps in this respect than even the revered Greek; but poor Gothic, when she attempts to receive her sisters, Painting and Sculpture, in their highest phase, her best welcome is but a compromise. There seems, indeed, to be an innate quality in Gothic that can only keep company with a degraded, and pinched, and monastic, and heraldic class of Painting and Sculpture. I like to see the highest efforts of all the sisters together; and so I cannot but lean to that style that affords the freest scope for this. Indeed, it appears to me a fair test of the eminence of a style of architecture—its uniting naturally with the highest class of Painting, Sculpture, and Decoration.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DURABILITY OF WATER-COLOURS.

SIR,—There is a remark in the *Times* newspaper of April 21st, tending to convey an erroneous impression as to the relative permanency of Works of Art executed in water-colours: in a criticism on the Exhibition of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the following passage occurs:—"the ambitious artist will employ a more enduring vehicle," by which the writer evidently means "oil colour."

As an observation of this kind, if allowed to go uncontradicted, might have the effect of prolonging the existence of a now nearly exploded idea, that water-colour paintings are less durable than those executed in oil. I trust that you will allow me, through the medium of your very influential Journal, to submit a few remarks for the purpose of showing that the *Times'* critic is mistaken in this particular.

That "the ambitious artist" may prefer oil-colour, I do not dispute; but I venture to assert that it is not on account of superior permanency that oil-colour can claim to be preferred,—unless the term "enduring" is employed to signify that pictures painted in oil will bear a larger amount of rough usage than those painted on paper in water-colours, without being damaged thereby; but if it is the preservation of the artistic thought unchanged that is meant, then I submit the advantages are greatly in favour of water-painting.

In both methods, the colours employed are the same (with the exception of white lead, which is neither necessary nor suitable to water-colour); the difference lies in the vehicle used to convey the pigment and fix it on the ground. In water-painting, watery solutions of gum-arabic or senegal are all that are necessary for that purpose, and for imparting transparency to shadow colours; in oil-painting, resinous matters, oils, &c., are used,—neither will impart durability to colours that are fugitive, or, in other words, liable to chemical decomposition by the action of light. Permanency depends on the judicious selection of such as are not likely to fade or "fly," as it is technically called, and on securing the same in a vehicle not liable to discoloration by time. In the latter, gum has greatly the advantage over oil.

It cannot be denied that oil-colour has certain advantages over water-colour: there is a depth of shadow and a command over the material, to which water-colour has, as yet, no pretensions, and these qualities alone would make oil-colour a preferable vehicle for "ambitious" productions; but in durability, as well as in light and aerial effect, water-colour, as now practised, confessedly stands pre-eminent.

That many of the oldest works of the early water-colour masters have sadly faded cannot be doubted; but those were painted in the days when sap-green, bices, Spanish-liquorice, tobacco-water, &c., were considered to be proper colours to be used in "Water-colour Drawing," as it was then called; but as water-colour Art and chemical science advanced hand in hand, such colours as these were cast aside, and better and more durable were substituted. The consequences are now apparent. Works executed in what might be termed "the *moyen âge*" of water-colour Art are now looking as brilliant and clear as they did when they were first produced.

On the other hand, oil pictures are to be found carrying evidence that the vehicle has not prevented fugitive colours from "flying," where rich glazings have vanished, leaving an under tint sickly and impoverished; at the same time a yellow hue has come over the whole picture, caused by the discoloration of the oily vehicle employed. Thus may the use of an improper material, whether in oil or in water, entirely frustrate the original intention of the painter.

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THE MINSTRELS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.*

It is not unlikely that the principal minstrel of every great noble exercised some kind of authority over all minstrels within his lord's jurisdiction. There are several famous instances of something of this kind on record. The earliest is that of the authority granted by Ranulph, Earl of Chester, to the Duttons over all minstrels of his jurisdiction; for the romantic origin of the grant the curious reader may see the Introductory Essay to Percy's "Reliques," or the original authorities in Dugdale's "Monasticon," and D. Powell's "History of Cambria." The ceremonies attending the exercise of this authority are thus described by Dugdale, as handed down to his time:—viz., "That at Midsummer fair there, all the minstrels of that country resorting to Chester, do attend the heir of Dutton from his lodging to St. John's Church (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the country), one of the minstrels walking before him in a surcoat of his arms, depicted on taffeta; the rest of his fellows proceeding two and two, and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine service ended, gave the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a court being



we shall have presently to ask the reader's further attention. The oldest existing document of the fraternity is a copy of laws of the time of Philip and Mary. They are similar to those by which all trade guilds were governed: their officers were an alderman and two stewards or sears (i.e. seers, searchers); the only items in their laws which throw much additional light upon our subject are the one already partly quoted, that they should not take "any new brother except he be minstrell to some man of honour or worship (proving that men of honour and worship still had minstrels), or wait[†] of some town corporate or other ancient town, or else of such honeste and conyng as shall be thought laudable and pleasant to the hearers there." And again, "no myler, shepherd, or of other occupation, or husbandman, or husbandman servant, playing upon pype or other instrument, shall sue any wedding, or other thing that pertaineth to the said science, except in his own parish." We may here digress for a moment to say that the shepherds, throughout the middle ages, seem to have been as musical as the swains of Theocritus or Virgil; in the MS. illumina-

kept by his (Mr. Dutton's) steward, and all the minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that society, with penalties on those that transgress." This court, we have seen, was exempted from the jurisdiction of the King of the minstrels by Edward IV., as it was also from the operation of all Acts of Parliament on the subject down to so late a period as the seventeenth year of George II., the last of them. In the fourth year of King Richard II., John* of Gaunt created a court of minstrels at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, similar to that at Chester; in the charter (which is quoted in Dr. Plott's "History of Staffordshire," p. 436) he gives them a King of the Minstrels and four officers, with a legal authority over the men of their craft in the five adjoining counties of Stafford, Derby, Notts, Leicester, and Warwick. The form of election, as it existed at a comparatively late period, is fully detailed by Dr. Plott.

Another of these guilds was the ancient company or fraternity of minstrels in Beverley, of which an account is given in Poulson's "Beverley" (p. 302). When the fraternity originated we do not know; but they were of some consideration and wealth in the reign of Henry VI., when the Church of St. Mary's, Beverley, was built; for they gave a pillar to it, on the capital of which a band of minstrels are sculptured, of whom we here re-produce a drawing from Carter's "Ancient Painting and Sculpture," to which

of whom plays a small pipe, and another the bagpipes. Chaucer (3rd Book of the "House of Fame") mentions—

"Pipes made of greend corne,
As have these little herd gromes,
That kepen beastes in the bromes."

It is curious to find that even at so late a period as the time of Queen Mary, they still officiated at weddings and other merrymakings in their villages, and even sometimes excited the jealousy of the professors of the joyous science.

One might, perhaps, have been disposed to think that the good minstrels of Beverley were only endeavouring to revive usages which had fallen into desuetude; but we find that in the time of Elizabeth the profession of minstrelsy was sufficiently universal to call for the inquiry, in the Injunctions of 1559, "Whether any minstrels, or any other persons, do use to sing any songs or ditties that be vile or unclean."

Ben Jonson gives us numerous allusions to them: e.g., in the "Tale of a Tub," old Turve talks of "old Father Rosin, the chief minstrel here—chief minstrel, too, of Highgate; she has hired him, and all his two boys, for a day and a half." They were to be dressed in bays, rosemary, and ribands, to precede the bridal party across the fields to church and back, and to play at dinner. And so in "Episcene," act iii. sc. 1:—

"Well, there be guests to meat now; how shall we do for music?" [for Morose's wedding.]

Cherimont.—The smell of the venison going thro' the street will invite one noise of fiddlers or other.

Dauphine.—I would it would call the trumpeters hither! Cherimont.—Faith, there is hope: they have intelligence of all feasts. There's a good correspondence betwixt them and the London cooks: 'tis twenty to one but we have them.

And Dryden, so late as the time of William III., speaks of them—

"These fellows
Were once the minstrels of a country show,
Followed the prizes thro' each paltry town,
By trumpet cheeks and bloated faces known."

There were also female minstrels throughout the middle ages; but, as might be anticipated from their irregular wandering life, they bore an indifferent reputation. The romance of Richard Cœur de Lion says that it was a female minstrel, and, still worse, an Englishwoman, who recognised and betrayed the knight-errant king and his companions, on their return from the Holy Land, to his enemy, the "King of Almain." The passage is worth quoting, as it illustrates several of the traits of minstrel habits which we have already recorded. After Richard and his companions had dined on a goose, which they cooked for themselves at a tavern—

"When they had drunken well afn,
A min-tralle com therin,
And said, 'Gentlemen, wittily,
Will ye have any minstrelsey?'
Richard bade that she should go.
That turned him to mickle woe!
The min-tralle took in mind,
And saith, 'Ye are men unkind;
And if I may, ye shall for-shink
Ye gave neither meat nor drink.
For gentlemen should bode;
To min-tralls that abouten yode;
Of their meat, wine, and ale;
For lo! rises of min-tralle.'
She was Engli-h, and well trose
By speech, and sight, and hide, and hue."

Stow tells that in 1316, while Edward II. was solemnising his Feast of Pentecost in his hall at Westminster, sitting royally at table, with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse, trapped as minstrels then used, who rode round about the tables showing her pastime. The reader will remember the use which Sir E. B. Lytton has made of a troop of tymbesters in "The Last of the Barons," bringing them in at the epochs of his tale with all the dramatic effect of the Greek chorus: the description which he gives of their habits is too sadly truthful. The daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod is scornfully represented by the mediæval artists as a female minstrel performing the tumbling tricks which were part of their office. We give on the following page a representation of a female minstrel playing the tambourine, from the MS. Royal, 2 B. vii folio 182.

A question of considerable interest to artists, no less than to antiquaries, is whether the minstrels were or not distinguished by any peculiar costume or habit. Percy and his followers say that they were,

* Was offended. † Repent. ‡ Give.
‡ Travel. ¶ Praise-story.

tions we constantly find them represented playing upon instruments; we give a couple of goatherds from the exquisite MS. Q. B. vii. folio 83, of early fourteenth century date.



Besides the pipe and horn, the bagpipe was also a rustic instrument: there is a shepherd playing upon one in folio 112 of the same MS.: and again, in the



early fourteenth century MS. Royal Q. B. vi., on the reverse of folio 8, is a group of shepherds, one

* May we infer from the exemption of the jurisdiction of the Duttons, and not of that of the court of Tutbury and the guild of Beverley, that the jurisdiction of the King of the Minstrels over the whole realm was established after the former, and before the latter. The French minstrels were incorporated by charter, and had a king in the year 1330, forty-seven years before Tutbury. In the ordinance of Edward II., 1316, there is no allusion to such a general jurisdiction.

* Continued from p. 187.

† One of the minstrels of King Edward the Fourth's household (there were thirteen others) was called the *wayte*; it was his duty to "pipe watch." In the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, when Richard, with his fleet, has come silently in the night under the walls of Jaffa, which was besieged on the land-side by the Saracen army:—

"They looked up to the castle,
They heard no pipe, no flagel,
They drew em nigh to land,
If they mighten understand,
And they ne could nought espie,
Ne by no voice of min-tralle,
That quick man in the castle were."

And so they continued in uncertainty until the spring of the day, then

"A wait there came, in a kernal,
And piped a note in a flagel."

And when he recognised King Richard's galleys,

"Then a merrier note he blew,
And piped, 'Seigneurs or sus! or sus!
King Richard is comen to us!'"

a Flageolet.

b Battlement.

and the assertion is grounded on the following evidences:—Baldolph, the Saxon, in the anecdote already related, when assuming the disguise of a minstrel, is described as shaving his head and beard, and dressing himself in the habit of that profession. Alfred and Aulaff were known at once to be minstrels. The two poor priests who were turned out of the monastery by the dissolute monks were at first mistaken for minstrels. The woman who entered Westminster Hall at King Edward the Second's Pentecost feast was adorned like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse, trapped as minstrels then used. A story is recorded in a MS. of the time of Edward III. of a young man of family, who came to a feast in a vesture called a coat-harby cut short in the German fashion,



resembling the dress of a minstrel; the oddity of it attracted the remark from an elderly knight, "Where is your fiddle, your ribble, or suchlike instrument belonging to the mynstrelle?" to which the young man replied that he had no craft in using such instruments. "Then you are much to blame," replied the old knight; "for if you appear in the garb of a minstrel it is fitting you should perform his duty." In the time of Henry VII. we read of nine ells of tawny cloth for three minstrels; and in the "History of Jack of Newbury," of "a noise (i.e. band) of musicians in townie coats, who, putting off their caps, asked if they would have music." And lastly, there is a description of the person who personated "an ancient mynstrell" in one of the pageants which were played before Queen Elizabeth at her famous visit to Kenilworth, which is curious enough to be quoted. "A person, very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a forty-five years old, apparalled partly as he would himself. His cap off; his head seemly rounded tonasterwise,* fair kemberd, that with a sponge daintily dipped in a little capon's grease was finely smoothen, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard snugly shaven; and yet his shirt after the new trick, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glistening like a paire of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side (i.e. long) gown of Kendal Green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with white clasp and keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for hent to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappel of his napkin (i.e. handkerchief) edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D. for Damian, for he was but a bachelor yet. His gown had side (i.e. long) sleeves down to midleg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of paynets (perhaps points) of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a weall towards the hand of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red neather socks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns: not new, indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as a shoeing horn. About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependant before him. His wrest tyed to a green lace, and hanging by; under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain (pewter for silver, as a squire-minstrel† of Middlesex that travelled the country this summer

* Which Percy supposes to mean "tonsure-wise," like priests and monks.

† Percy supposes from this expression that there were inferior orders, as yeomen-minstrels. May we not also infer that there were superior orders, as knight-minstrels,

season, unto fairs and worshipful men's houses. From this chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington," to which place he is represented as belonging.

From these authorities Percy would deduce that the minstrels were tonsured and apparelled very



much after the same fashion as priests. The pictorial authorities do not bear out any such conclusion. There are abundant authorities for the belief that the dress of the minstrels was remarkable for a very unclerical sumptuousness; but in looking through the numerous ancient representations of minstrels we find no trace of the tonsure, and no peculiarity of dress; they are represented in the ordinary costume of their time; in colours blue,



cheon, like that of the Islington minstrel. In short, a careful examination of a number of illustrations in illuminated MSS. of various dates, from Saxon downwards, leaves the impression that minstrels wore the ordinary costume of their period, more or less rich in material, or fashionable in cut, according to their means and taste; and that the only distinctive mark of their profession was the instrument which each bore, or, as in the case of the Kenilworth minstrel, the tuning wrest hung by a ribband to his girdle; and in the case of a household minstrel the badge of the lord whom he served.

The forms of the most usual musical instruments



of various periods may be gathered from the illustrations which have already been given. The most common are the harp, fiddle, cittern or lute, hand-organ or dulcimer, the shalm or psalter, the

over whom was the king-minstrel? for we are told "he was but a bachelor (whose chivalric signification has no reference to matrimony) yet." We are disposed to believe that this was a real minstrel. Langham tells us that he was dressed "partly as he would himself;" probably, the only things which were not according to his wont, were that my Lord of Leicester may have given him a new coat; that he had a little more capon's grease than usual in his hair; and that he was set to sing "a solemn song, warranted for story, out of King Arthur's Acts," instead of more modern minstrel ware.

red, grey, particoloured, like other civilians; with hoods, or hats, or without either; frequently the different members of the same band of minstrels present all these differences of costume, as in the instance here given, from the title-page of the fourteenth century MS. Addl., 10,293; proving that the minstrels did not affect any uniformity of costume whatever.

The household minstrels probably wore their master's badge (liveries were not used until a late period); others the badge of their guild. Thus in the Morte Arthure, Sir Dinadan makes a reproachful lay against King Arthur, and teaches it an harper, that hight Elyot, and sends him to sing it before King Mark and his nobles at a great feast. The king asked, "Thou harper, how durst thou be so bold to sing this song before me?" "Sir," said Elyot, "wit you well I am a minstrell, and I must doe as I am commanded of these lords that I bear the armes of;" and in proof of the privileged character of the minstrel we find the outraged king replying, "Thou saiest well, I charge thee that thou hie thee fast out of my sight." So the squire-minstrel of Middlesex, who belonged to Islington, had a chain round his neck, with a scutcheon upon it, upon which were blazoned the arms of Islington.* And in the effigies of the Beverley minstrels, which we have given on the preceding page, we find that their costume is the ordinary costume of the period, and is not alike in all; but that each of them has a chain round his neck, to which is suspended what is probably a scut

pipe and tabor, pipes of various sizes played like clarionets, but called flutes, the double pipe, hand-bells, trumpets and horns, bagpipes, tambourine, tabret, drum, and cymbals. Of the greater number of these we have already incidentally given illustrations; of some of the others we here give illustrations, from the Royal MS., 2 B. vii. And in conclusion we give a group of musical instruments



from one of the illustrations of "Der Weise König," a work of the close of the fifteenth century.

* Heralds in the fourteenth century bore the arms of their lord on a small scutcheon fastened at the side of their girdle.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XVI.—JAMES BAKER PYNE.



HEY who are familiar with English Art only as it is seen within the walls of the Royal Academy can know little or nothing of the works of one of our best landscape-painters. It is now some thirty-three years since, when a number of artists, finding that the rooms of the Academy, then in Somerset House, offered but little space for the suitable exhibition of their pictures, associated themselves together for the purpose of exhibiting their own works, in conjunction with those of other artists who might choose to unite with them; and hence arose the "Society of British Artists," whose galleries are in Suffolk Street.

Among the earliest members of this Institution, or regular contributors to its annual exhibitions, were—Haydon, Martin, Hoffman, D. Roberts, Stanfield, Creswick, Hart, Frith, Linton, &c.; but as by the rules of the Academy no artist who is a member of any other society is eligible for admission into the former, and as it is a very natural ambition to desire the honours which the Academy is entitled to bestow, the association in Suffolk Street has from time to time lost the aid of many who were its strongest supports: one, however, though not among its earliest members, has bravely clung to its fortunes, whether good or ill, and freely acknowledges that the patronage he enjoys is owing to his connection with this society, as here he has the power to place his own pictures where they may be advantageously seen. Mr. Pyne, to whom we allude, is now Vice-president of the Society of British Artists.

In the *Art-Journal* for the year 1849, when we published a series of "Portraits of British Artists," appeared one of Mr. Pyne, with a few remarks on his

life and works: we must, on the present occasion, go back to that report for whatever information it affords us.

James Baker Pyne was born at Bristol, on the 5th of December, 1800. From his earliest years a love of pictures was the ruling passion of his mind, and, as a consequence, his greatest desire was to become an artist; but his father had other views concerning him, and placed him with a solicitor, in whose office he was employed till his twenty-first year. At the expiration of his term, however, he bade farewell to deeds and parchments, and assiduously set to work to acquire a knowledge of painting. Several years were thus passed in Bristol, in practising his Art, teaching it to others, and in studying and repairing old pictures. In 1835 he came up to London, where he remained a whole year without attempting to exhibit or sell a picture; but in 1836 he sent to the Royal Academy, "Windsor Castle, from the Thames—Morning," and to the Society of British Artists, a "View of Clifton;" the latter picture was, we believe, bought by the late Mr. Carpenter, the eminent bookseller of Old Bond Street, father of Mr. W. H. Carpenter, author of the "Life of Vandyck," and Keeper of the Print Room in the British Museum. Mr. Carpenter senior was a man whose taste and judgment in Art-matters is unquestionable; Mr. Pyne had received an introduction to him, and there is little doubt he at once saw in the works of the painter evidences of talent of a superior order. He immediately became his patron, bought his first picture, and, as the artist told us some years back, "He gave me excellent advice—cautioned me against money-lenders, and told me to apply to him in any emergency. He never bought a painting of me at a low price when I went to him for pecuniary assistance, but always freely lent me what I wanted, and received it again at my own convenience. I speak of my obligation to Mr. Carpenter with much pleasure—it is his due." We believe that this gentleman was also the first to recognise the merits of another distinguished artist, R. P. Bonington, and to foster his genius; at least, we are certain he aided most effectively in making it known to the British public, through the series of prints from his works which were published in Bond Street. We have heard Pyne speak in most commendable terms of Mr. Rought, the picture-dealer, in Regent Street, as of "a gentleman and friend to whose fine taste, integrity, and enterprise," he has been indebted for more than half the success he has met with since his residence in London.



Engraved by]

THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGIO MAGGIORE, VENICE.

[J. and G. P. Hills

In the years 1837-38-39 respectively, Pyne exhibited at the Royal Academy, "Clifton, from the Avon," "Nightingale Valley, Clifton," and "Eton College;" and in 1841, "Hostel at Upton Castle, on the Medway," and "Sandwich, on the Kentish Coast." From this period we find his name no longer on the list of exhibitors at the Academy. His subsequent pictures were to be found at the British Institution, and at the Suffolk Street Society, of which he had now become a member. Almost from the outset of his career he had aimed at the representation of open expansive landscape, where distance demands light and atmosphere, and of lake scenery, where the same qualities of painting are required, united with powerful effects of chiaro-oscuro. We scarcely ever remember to have seen a picture by him of any close subject—shady lanes, entrances to woods, deep glens, &c. We should be inclined to apply the word "clearness" as the principal quality characterising his works, and which is only to be obtained by, or rather is the combined result of—to use his own words—

"aerial perspective, a frequent alternation of the transparent, semi-transparent, and opaque media; distinct detail, and bold chiaro-oscuro. . . . Impalpable in itself, it should pervade every part while destroying all idea of the surface of a work; and so absorbing, when attained, is the full sense of its influence, that the minor and precise beauties of the finished schools vanish, and become dry and opaque when brought in contact with the pure effulgence of this vital quality. Pictures without it have an unpleasant and opaque palpableness, and seem really to form part of the useless furniture of a room; while those which possess it in any extraordinary degree, present for the refreshment of the eye so many delicious apertures of more than mimic light and air and sunniness, which glow without heating, and shine without dazzling, and, like the face of health, and youth, and beauty, shed a warmth around them whose brilliancy neglect cannot entirely deface; while all the varnish amendments of the picture-dealer, added to all the wash-leather rubbings of all the curators of public and private col-

lections in existence, must still leave those which have it not, as at first—dry, lifeless, and repulsive." In this passage we seem to discover an index to the style of painting adopted by this artist, or, more correctly speaking, to its character.

In 1839 he exhibited at the British Institution the first, so far as our recollection serves, of those "Lake pictures" with which his name in subsequent years has been so frequently identified: it was a view of "Rydall Water, Westmoreland," and treated in a manner to illustrate the lines—

"On throne of cloud, with pure and silvery ray,
The young moon steals upon the lingering day."

To Suffolk Street he sent the same year a "View from the Cheddar Hills—Bridgewater Bay in the distance." In this work we recognised the dawning, as it were, of those effects of light and sunshine which have ever been regarded as the great charm of his works. Windsor and its vicinity had, from the artist's arrival in London, been a favourite place of study with him. In the summer of this year there was published a series of sketches, executed by him in lithography, of views of "Windsor, with the surrounding Scenery, the Parks, the Thames, and Eton College"—a volume of great pictorial interest, the subjects all well selected, and most carefully and truthfully represented. His solitary contribution to the Suffolk Street Gallery in 1840—another "View from the Cheddar Hills"—forced from us the following remarks:—"It is one of the

most perfect works in the collection; the mode in which this artist manages to preserve distance is absolutely wonderful. The eye traces miles upon miles; and while every hedgerow seems distinctly marked, there is no appearance of anything like artifice, nor the remotest approach to stiffness or formality." There were two pictures exhibited by Pyne in 1843, which to this day have not passed away from our recollection: one, a distant view of "Shakspeare's Cliff," hung at the British Institution, in which the cliff appears rising from a bank of mist; the sun is low in the horizon, its brightness softened down by the hazy atmosphere, producing an effect of exquisite tenderness and beauty. In the other, exhibited at Suffolk Street, London, as seen from Greenwich Park on a warm summer's afternoon, is presented. The vast extent of the metropolis, the river, and all the distant objects, are dimly apparent through a thick veil of smoke, suffused with the hot colouring of the sunshine. We have often stood upon the spot from which this view was sketched, observing the effects described by the artist, and can testify to their absolute truth.

We have notes of four pictures from his pencil exhibited at Suffolk Street in 1844:—"In the Basse Ville, Calais," a subject scarcely worthy of his talent, but interesting, not less from its novelty than for his judicious treatment of it; "Upnor Castle, on the Medway," in which the river and the misty distance are rendered in his happiest manner; "Scarborough, from the South Sands," a sunset scene, painted with a perfect harmony and richness of colour, and sug-



Engraved by]

THE VILLA D'ESTE, NEAR TIVOLI.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls

gesting an idea of absolute repose; and "Recollections of the Floating Harbour at Bristol," also an evening scene, luminous to a degree. In 1845 we find him exhibiting in the same gallery "Sand-gatherers, Yorkshire Coast," a small picture, remarkable for its brilliancy, breadth, atmosphere, and sweetness of colouring; "The Vale of Neath, Glamorganshire," the largest picture, we believe, he had painted up to that time. Perhaps in the whole of North Wales there is not a more picturesque locality than this; and in its character one peculiarly adapted for the display of this painter's peculiar style. The manner in which he has arranged his light and shade throughout the picture shows the most consummate skill, and knowledge of the true principles of chiaroscuro. "A Daughter of the Emerald Isle," as its name indicates, is a figure subject, and was a novelty from the hand of the artist, but a successful study. "Sunshine after a Storm," another figure subject, small, in which a blind man is led by a dog; "Staithes—Fishing Town on the Yorkshire Coast," a theme of very ordinary interest, but under the glow of Pyne's sunshine made beautiful; "Hastings' Beach," and "Vale of the Taff, North Wales," both of them pictures that would grace any collection.

* "Nomenclature of Pictorial Art," Part II. By J. B. Pyne. *Art-Journal*, September, 1843.

In 1846 Pyne set out on his first pilgrimage to Italy; but before starting he sent to the British Institution one of the finest landscapes he had as yet exhibited—a view of "Snowdon," the grand old mountain literally enveloped in a garb of dazzling sunlight, but without any exaggeration of truth. Nothing that we have seen from the pencil of this artist carries out more satisfactorily his own principles of Art, which we believe to be true principles, than does this glorious picture. To the gallery at Suffolk Street he sent also this year—"The Floating Harbour at Bristol, with St. Mary Redcliffe Church restored;" another view of the "Floating Harbour;" "Grist and Fulling Mills on the Machno, Denbighshire," one of the few close scenes painted by him; the precipitous watercourse, and the whole of the hard, rugged, natural materials which make up the composition, are admirably represented. But his principal picture in the rooms was "The Menai Straits," seen from an elevated point, below which the landscape spreads out into a vast expanse of country of infinite diversity of character. This is treated by the artist in his most felicitous manner; air and light seem to have been the pervading influences of his mind while working on the canvas, and they are forcibly presented over the beautiful scenery that meets the eye of the spectator.

Mr. Pyne's first visit to Italy was made for the express purpose of study in the snow-country—that is, in the neighbourhood of the Alps—to satisfy his

mind on the subject of the variously described phenomena attending the Alpine regions under the effects of snow, modified by various degrees of coloured light from mid-day to twilight. The Bernese Alps, and those visible from the Northern Lake district, principally furnished him with such experiences. The result of his observations confirmed him in a pre-conceived opinion—that artists have been much misled by those writers who have stated that these phenomena, though always represented as exceedingly beautiful, are unaccountable. He asserts they are by no means so, except to persons altogether unacquainted with the most ordinary laws of Light and Colour, with their reflection, and that they obey a law in every way certain and sequential. We would take the liberty of suggesting to him a paper on this subject for our Journal: it would be of value to our artist-readers, many of whom, we know, have derived much instruction from his contributions to our pages.

He returned to England in time to "put in an appearance" at his accustomed places of exhibition, and of course his pictures presented the results of his foreign travel, though not of the "snow-crowned hills" he went out to see. He contributed to the British Institution in 1847—"On the Margin of Zurich's fair Waters"—Market Boats with Saints' Sails," a luminous and brilliant work; and to Suffolk Street—"The Neckar, at Heidelberg;" "Lago di Garda;" and another view of a favourite spot, frequently painted—"The Floating Harbour at Bristol." In the "Heidelberg" picture the spectator has a kind of bird's-eye

view of the town, beyond which flows the river, till it is lost in a distance of misty light, painted in a manner we can only designate as "delicious," so soft and tender is the atmospheric effect. The "Harbour" picture is a triumph of sunlight painting. In this year the artist received a commission from Mr. Agnew, of Manchester, to paint a series of twenty-four views of the English lakes, and their immediate vicinity, for the purpose of being lithographed on a large scale, and published. This work has made its appearance at intervals within the last two or three years, and has been included within our "Reviews" as the parts reached us. It is a beautiful pictorial exposition of our picturesque lake country.

Pyne sent to the British Institution in 1848 two pictures—"Staithes, Yorkshire Coast," and "Night at Merthyr, South Wales," the latter representing the effects produced over the landscape after dark by the Welsh Iron Works; and to the Society of British Artists—"Pallanza, on the Lago Maggiore;" "Mill at Plassynant, North Wales," a dark picture, differing materially from the majority of his works, yet distinguished by originality and truth of treatment; a "View of the Dogana, Venice, on a Saint's Day," a picture so full of light as to be almost shadowless, and yet most effective; and "Caernarvon," in which the appearance of a rising storm is finely represented. His exhibited pictures of 1849 were only to be seen in the last-named gallery: they were—"The Wreck Ashore," a small painting; and "Oberwesel, on the Rhine," in



Engraved by]

THE SCREES AT WASTWATER, CUMBERLAND.

[J. and G. P. Nisbolls.

which the artist has adopted a low tone of colour very unusual with him, but nevertheless applied with the nicest discrimination, and with the most pleasing results. Among his works contributed to Suffolk Street in the following year were—a view of "Ehrenbreitstein," painted, we believe, from the sketch from which our print is taken, with some slight alterations; "Thames Recollections;" and another "Wreck Ashore;" and to the same gallery, in 1851—"Landing Herrings on the Yorkshire Coast," a work in which light, air, and space, were never more skilfully idealised. In 1852 we remember to have seen in Suffolk Street two pictures painted from his "Lake Sketches"—"The Head of the Wastwater, with Scawfell and Scawfell Pike," under the effects of a storm; and "The Screes at Wastwater," of which we shall have to speak presently.

In 1851, Pyne started a second time for a tour in the south of Europe, having received another commission from Mr. Agnew to execute a series of pictures—commencing with the Rhine, and extending to the furthest part of Italy. He returned, after an absence of three years, with an extraordinary mass of sketches, in the production of which he acknowledges to have received most valuable aid, with regard to details, from his friend and *compagnon de voyage*, Mr. W. Evans, of the Water-Colour Society, and with a very considerable number of large finished drawings, all of them painted on the spot. We

had the gratification of passing an evening in his studio a short time since, looking over the portfolios containing these drawings, as varied in subject and treatment as they are numerous. Those only who have been through Italy to study the characteristics of its scenery can form any idea of the extraordinary labour and perseverance, to say nothing of talent, required to produce such an accumulation of subject matter. For nine months of the year study out of doors is considered at least injudicious, and frequently dangerous, independently of the annoyances and discomforts to which every traveller is exposed who does not journey as "*Milord Anglais*." One has only to see this series of drawings to be satisfied they must have been made under circumstances of much difficulty, and by a man whose constitution was proof against peculiarities of climate and atmosphere. To attempt anything approaching to a detailed description of them would occupy the entire space we have given to this notice, and would still leave us much to say. There are towns and cities, mountains and valleys, rivers, lakes, and sea-coast, represented at all hours of the day, and under every variation of weather—clear and bright with the freshness of morning, parched with the noontide heat, blazing with the crimson hues of sunset, dark with the shadows of the thunder-cloud. Highly as we have always estimated the talents of the artist, they have risen immeasurably in our opinion after seeing these charming works. We hope he will be prevailed on to exhibit

them publicly: we are quite sure they will be as much appreciated by others as they are by ourselves.

There was a picture exhibited by Pyne at Suffolk Street, in 1853, which we presume was made from one of the sketches taken on his first visit to Italy; it had no title in the catalogue, but the subject was a passage of Alpine scenery under an effect of sunlight: in treatment it was eminently successful in the quality of light. His two contributions to the same gallery in the following year were also of foreign scenery: one a "View of Berne, Switzerland;" the other entitled only a "View in Italy." Of his last year's picture, also in the Suffolk Street gallery—"Evening at Chelsea," we shall only repeat the remarks it suggested to us at the time:—"We had expected to have saluted this painter on the Rialto at Venice, or to have picked him up somewhere in Sicily; but lo! we find him painting Chelsea Church, and writing "mixed teas" on the thresholds of the Chelsea grocers. The sunny glow of this admirable picture is felt over the whole of this end of the room. It has no exaggerated colour, yet it is powerful in that quality by a treatment which raises all the warm and cool greys into colour at once rich and harmonious. It is, in short, a production embodying the rarest qualities of Art."

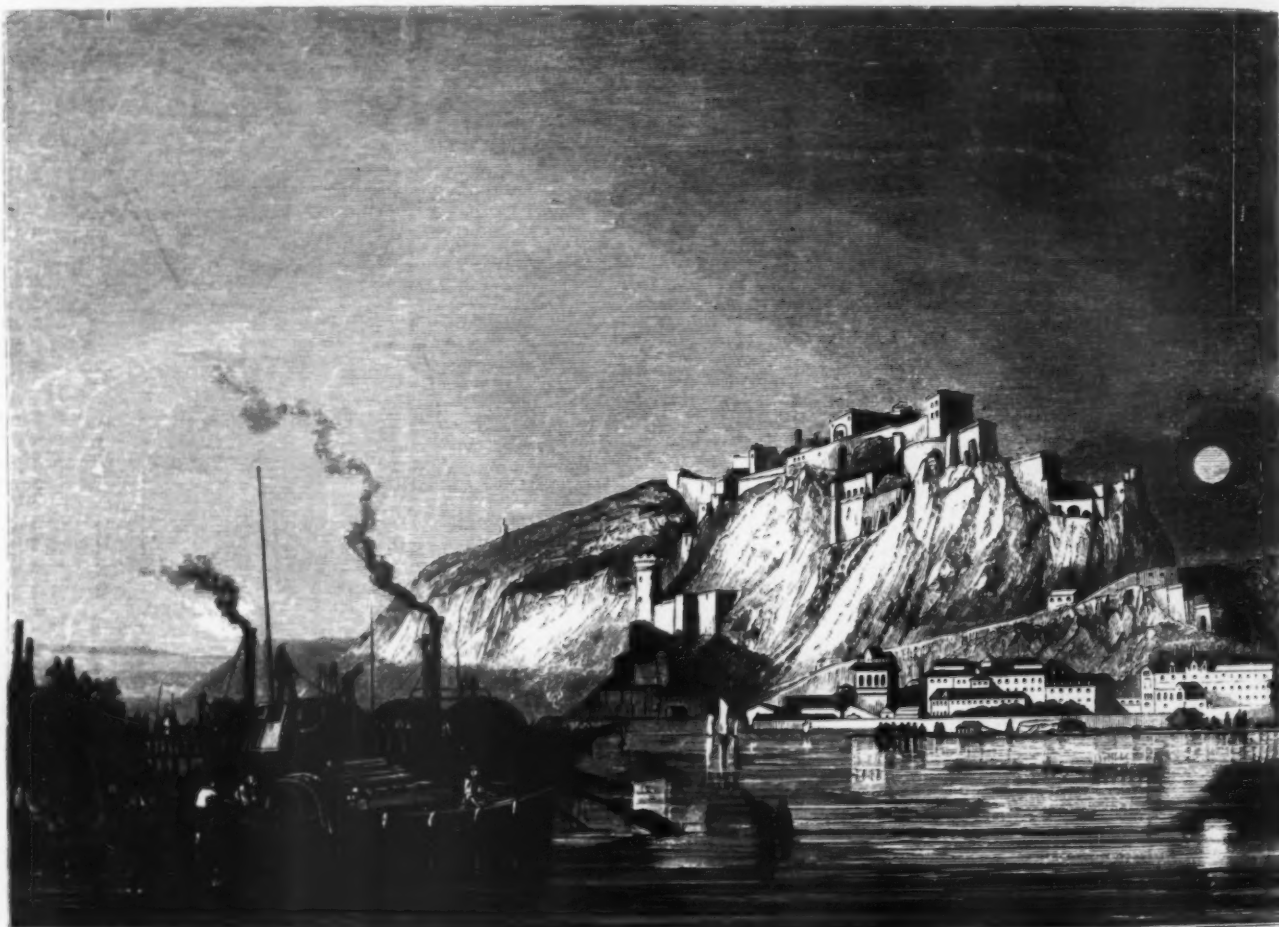
The four subjects we have selected as examples of this painter's style of composition and treatment include views of English and Italian scenery, and are chosen chiefly on account of their diversity. The view in Venice, introducing the "CHURCH OF ST. GEORGIO MAGGIORE," is a simple, well-arranged compo-

sition, in which the purity of an Italian atmosphere is admirably exemplified. "THE VILLA D'ESTE, NEAR TIVOLI," sketched from the gardens, is represented under the effects of morning; it is painted with great tenderness, but the picture acquires force from the group of dark trees rising up almost in its centre. "THE SCREES AT WASTWATER, CUMBERLAND," is a passage of lake scenery, which in itself offers little to charm the eye as a picture, yet the artist has made it one of great interest by the broad play of transitory light he has thrown over the side of the mountain. "EHRENDREITSTEIN," is gilded with the red rays of the setting sun:—

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
Sunset divides the sky with her."

in strong opposition to the brilliant hues on rock and castle is the deep, rich colouring of the objects in the foreground. The great charm of this picture is perfect repose; its intense heat would seem to render exertion impossible.

With the exception of Turner, no painter of our school has so thoroughly mastered the difficulties of aerial perspective and atmospheric phenomena as Pyne; without detecting the least approximation to the copying of that great artist, his pictures very often remind us of those by Turner. He never aims at the same extraordinary, and often apparently unnatural, effects; he does not exhibit such a redundancy of poetical imagination in his compositions, such a profusion of what may be called the "flowers of painting;" and yet his mind is amply stored with visions of the true and the beautiful, gathered from a close and attentive



Engraved by]

EHRENDREITSTEIN.

[J. and C. P. Nicholls.

study of Nature in her most attractive aspects, and these he transfers to his canvas with a bold and unflinching pencil, that shows his mastery over his materials, as well as a perfect knowledge of their individual and relative value; while to this freedom of execution are superadded great delicacy and attention to form and detail. We have frequently heard similar objections taken to his colouring, as have been made to Turner's—especially in the too abundant use of white; but such objections can only come from those who have not closely analysed the colouring of Nature. We were one day discussing this very question with an acquaintance by the sea-shore on a bright summer morning. Directing his attention to the tranquil surface of the ocean, then brightly reflecting the sun's rays, we asked him its colour. "White," he replied, after looking at it for a few moments; "yes, white, from the horizon almost to our feet, gradually harmonising into a tender blue as far as the eye reaches left and right."—"Are Turner and Pyne wrong, then?" we again asked.—"No; right—there cannot be two opinions on the matter."

It is this inability to see things as they are in Nature which produces so much false and unsound judgment among the frequenters of our Art-exhibitions: they have not yet learned the "art of seeing," and are therefore incapable of pronouncing a verdict upon truths. It is only when they have acquired this power that they are in a position to form something like a just opinion of the relative merits of artists; "for, although with respect to the feeling and passion

of pictures, it is often as impossible to criticise as to appreciate, except to such as are in some degree equal in powers of mind, and in some respects the same in modes of mind, with those whose works they judge; yet with respect to the representation of facts, it is possible for all, by attention, to form a right judgment of the respective powers and attainments of every artist. Truth is a bar of comparison at which they all may be examined, and according to the rank they take in this examination will almost invariably be that which, if capable of appreciating them in every respect, we should be just in assigning them."

But a word, before we close, respecting the writings of Mr. Pyne; for, unlike too many of our painters, he is desirous, and has the ability, to impart to others the knowledge he has himself acquired. The series of papers—"The Nomenclature of Pictorial Art"—commenced in the *Art-Journal* some years since, and, after a considerable lapse of time, continued during the last year and the present, contains a very large amount of theoretical information, most valuable to every amateur and artist; and his "Letters on Landscape," which appeared also in our publication in the years 1846-47, must take their place, if published separately, as we trust they may be some day, among the best manuals of instruction which can be placed in the hands of the young landscape-painter.

THE DUTCH GENRE-PAINTERS.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL SKETCHES
BY THE AUTHOR.

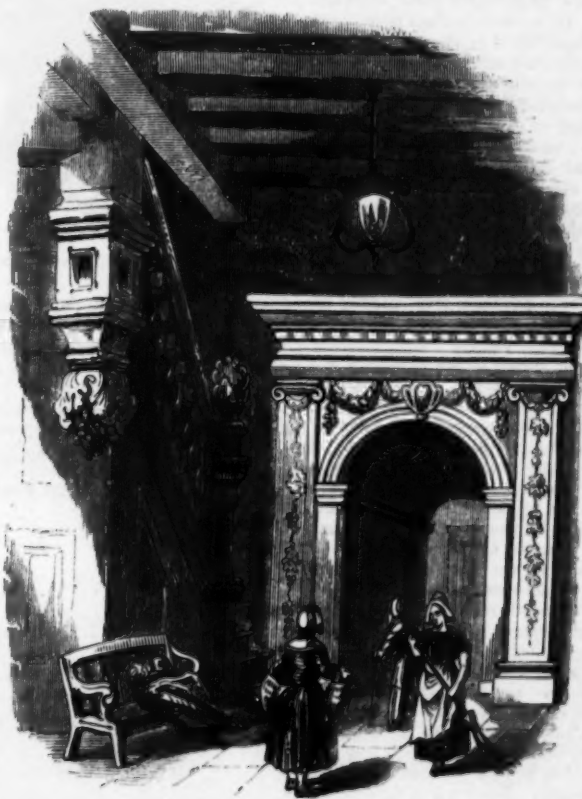
THE Hollander, as represented by his own native artists, is as distinct from the rest of the *genus homo* as the style adopted by the hands which have immortalised his peculiarities. He is known everywhere—by the rich connoisseur who glories in the possession of the original works of Ostade, Gerard Dow, Brauwer, or Jan Steen; and by the poorer lover of Art, in the many copies produced by the facile hand of the engraver. The entire truth of these pictures, and their quaint originality, thus enforce full claim upon attention, even when divested of the charm of Colour. Well, then, may the wealthy collector of taste rejoice in the possession of genuine works so remarkable for both qualities, as are the pictures by the painters of the Netherlands. With them originated that peculiar choice of subject from ordinary life which has received the *soubriquet* of *genre-painting*, from the impossibility of classing it with the grander imaginings of the Italian school. Art was in that school principally devoted to the sacred service of the Church, or the dignified realisation of historic scenes; it therefore always possessed a certain elevated dignity when it approached ordinary life in portraiture: but in no instance did it free itself from conventional or scholastic education, and give itself up to the delineation of everyday life with the zest of an Ostade, who would bestow all the graces of Art on an old woman threading her needle; or with the dashing joviality of Jan Steen, who would revel in a tavern scene with greater gusto than had ever been seen before in the history of imitative Art. Their success as a school produced a revolution in the general canons of criticism, and the ability displayed in their works asserted a position for a new body of painters then struggling into notoriety, who, discarding the *grandiose* (by this time become a little absurd from the scholastic tendencies of its devotees, who too frequently indulged in mixing the real and the fanciful,—the present world with the past, history and mythology in unreal conjunction), placed their starting point in Nature alone; making her works the limit of their studies, and bringing only the graces of Art to the proper adornment of what she placed before them—believing no created thing unworthy their earnest attention, and no attention ill-bestowed that could present it to their fellow-men surrounded by all the artistic graces consistent knowledge could bring to bear on its delineation.

This term, *genre*, was applied somewhat scornfully by the French critics, in the days of the *Grande Monarchie*, to designate a school of Art they could not comprehend, and which they chose to consider as out of the pale of Art-proper, or rather the Art of Versailles. Louis XIV. would never admit a Dutch picture into his galleries, which were, however, open to the travesties of scripture subjects his native artists painted with so much complacency, as well as to the theatrical flutterings of Bernini's sculpture. The grandiose trifling, which then passed for dignity, and the constrained manners which made up an etiquette as wearisome as if it were Chinese, gave no scope for the minds nurtured in formal conventionalities to understand the charm of simplicity or Nature. The lowest grade of a true Art takes higher stand than the Art produced in the hotbeds of the French court, nurtured under unnatural auspices: its despised products have passed away like all other "whims of a day," but the greater works of the honest Dutchmen remain.

Though Ostade is inseparable from Dutch Art, and by his genius was the earliest to raise it to renown, he was not a native of the country. He was born at Lubbeck, in Germany, in 1610. Hence some biographers unhesitatingly place him among German artists; but he was unquestionably German only by the accident of birth—for abandoning his native country early in life, the formation of his mind and the knowledge of Art he possessed were essentially Dutch. Like many a foreigner undergoing the change of thought and habit produced by a residence among strangers, he became ultimately more national than the native born; and earnestly

devoted his ability to the delineation of the people of his choice with a zest and power hitherto unknown. Holland did not in his time want for wealthy amateurs, and, although the long life of Ostade was spent amid political turmoil, the country was improving in wealth and importance beneath the rule of great public men. It is to Frank Hals, of Haarlem, that he was indebted for the knowledge he obtained of the mere manipulation of Art. Frank was a free, dashing painter, but a perfect tradesman in his profession. He had considerable tact in producing saleable pictures, and also in discovering young and needy men of genius who would aid him in multiplying them quickly. His wife, as avaricious as himself, fostered the trading spirit, and between them they made the studio a mere shop, and the pupils mere mechanics. At the time Ostade was in this state of servitude he had as a fellow-pupil Adrian Brauwer, with whom Hals had accidentally become acquainted, and whose ability he had detected in the humblest employ. His mother was a poor milliner at Haarlem, and he used to sketch on paper for her the flowers and other ornaments with which she embroidered the caps and collars of

her customers. The ability shown by the boy in designing these decorations induced Hals to examine his sketches, and ask if he would like to be a painter. The boy readily replied in the affirmative: his mother was consulted on the subject, but she would agree only on condition that Hals should entirely provide for him during his pupilage. He consented; but, with wretched parsimony, when he found the lad's ability, locked him in a wretched garret, and made him labour continuously with hardly sufficient food, without money, and without relaxation. His fellow-students, however, behaved more mercifully by him, and commissioned him to make them sketches for a few pence each in such few moments as he could snatch for that purpose. His master discovered this, and punished the poor lad by making him work harder on still less food, until, persecuted more than nature could bear, he broke from his prison and escaped. With the childish experiences of a boy, he made provision for the first day of his liberty by purchasing as much gingerbread as he could carry in his pockets; and then ensconcing himself beneath the carved case of the famous great organ in the principal church of



HALL OF AN OLD HOUSE, LEYDEN.

the town, leisurely enjoyed this delicacy. After a few hours his situation became irksome; he was lonelier than in Hals' studio, for his artistic implements were wanting; hunger, too, outmatched his gingerbread, and he ventured forth ruefully to the church porch. Here he was recognised by a passer-by, who had known him in his master's house; from the poor boy he learned his melancholy story, and at once offered to be the mediator between them—succeeding so well that Hals behaved better to him; for he was anxious to profit by his genius, and had sold many of his works at high prices, as the production of a foreign artist of great merit.

It was at this time that Ostade came into Hals' studio as a pupil, and fully appreciating Brauwer's ability, and indignant at the manner in which he was treated, urged him to try his fortune on his own account, and escape to Amsterdam, which was then full of connoisseurs. Brauwer took his advice, and luckily went on his arrival to an inn kept by one Van Sommeran, who had been a painter in early life, and whose son still practised the Art. Here he was well received, and his talent appreciated. It was soon discovered by an amateur, to whom his first picture was shown, that he was the "foreign

artist" whose works Hals had sold so highly. He was well-paid for his work, and became, from the depth of poverty and privation, free and comparatively rich. It is little to be wondered at that he revelled in the change. He gave himself up to tavern life, painted sottish scenes, and the rude brawls they engendered, and spent his money among the drunken boozers he painted—caring little to work before it became absolutely necessary to obtain money for his creditors.

Ostade, possessed of true German phlegm, went on a steadier course. Disgusted with his master, he quietly abandoned him, but settled down beside him in the city of Haarlem to honestly obtain patronage for his own talents. He tried them in various ways; but being a young and inexperienced man, he fledged his wings in imitative Art, and endeavoured to rival the works of Rembrandt and Teniers. He did not succeed; yet he did not fully feel his own power of originality until his old fellow-pupil Brauwer paid him a friendly visit, and urged him to throw away conventionalities, and depend on the strength of his own genius. The hearty advice of the grateful young painter, to whom he had once tendered advice as useful, determined his course,

and he struck out a style which has invested his pictures with a charm all his own.

Unlike Brauer, Ostade was a quiet, industrious man. He married the daughter of Van Goyen, the marine-painter, and a large family was the result of the union, for whose support he laboured unceasingly until the necessity for improving his monetary affairs induced him to make a change, and he decided on returning to his native town to settle there; but he got no further on his road than Amsterdam, where he found so much patronage, that about the year 1662 he settled there, making the neighbouring villages the scenes of his study; and, with the characteristic quietude of his life, having found out his *forte*, a fair field for study, and a due amount of patronage, he never left Amsterdam; and died among his patrons in 1685, at the ripe age of seventy-five.

In his pictures we see the best transcript of Dutch life in that era: the happier and better class of subject was chosen for his delineation. The tavern brawls, the drunken orgy, or the coarse village fête, had no charms for his pencil; but the rustic at home amid his family, or enjoying himself with his pipe, or listening over the trellis-hung door of his cottage to the travelling minstrel's simple hurdy-gurdy, often employed his pencil. He never caricatures their simple life; and, while displaying it in the most complete homeliness of its character, never offends by want of taste, however low the grade of the persons he may represent. Poor though they may be, they are seldom repulsive, as in many of the works of the artists of the Low Countries; while the heartiness of their joy as they look on their children, or revel in the simple pleasures they can obtain, gives them an interest and a claim on attention that pure honesty always may command. They show how much poetry there is in common things, and how much lurks beneath

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

The life of Brauer possesses great stirring interest; indeed, it may be said to be the most eventful career led by any Dutch painter. They generally passed through their course of life so quietly and simply, so industriously and prosperously, that we know little more of them than that they lived, painted, and died. The adventurous spirit of Brauer, and the erratic nature of his tastes, led him into a more chequered path. Cradled in poverty, a slave to a bad master, as he emerged to manhood he ran a reckless course when liberty and money came into his possession. He must have been occasionally taken for a madman by his stolid countrymen. Many are the quaint stories told of the painter—his recklessness and his buffooneries, which must have frequently set the tavern in a roar. He had much caustic humour also; and it is narrated of him, that being invited to a wedding, and feeling it was only because he had discarded the slatternly clothes he usually wore, and donned a suit of velvet, he soaked his new coat in the richest sauces on the table, declaring that the good cheer could only be properly bestowed on the thing invited; and then casting it on the fire, he coolly walked back to his old tavern companions. Immersed in his studies of low life, and enjoying only such scenes as he loved to paint, he never sought to amass money; and it is recorded of him, that on one occasion, when a considerable sum was paid him, he abandoned his pencil and home for nine days, until he had spent it all, returning penniless, and praising heaven that he had at last got rid of it.

This reckless life naturally produced the usual bad results, even to a man of so few wants as Brauer. His debts accumulated, and at last were so portentous that he saw no escape from his liabilities but flight. He left Amsterdam, and hurried to Antwerp; but when he reached that city he was at once arrested by the soldiery, for the thoughtless painter had no passport, and the Hollanders were waging fierce war against the Spaniards, who claimed to be their governors, and in whose hands Antwerp was held. He was at once marched to the citadel* as a Dutch spy, and in it encountered the

* Our engraving exhibits the aspect of the citadel of Antwerp at the time when the painter was prisoner there; it is now a much stronger position. In his time it was fed by a canal connected with the Scheldt, and the ramparts economically served the purpose of foundations for windmills to grind the corn of the garrison. The necessary houses for troops are arranged with Dutch formality; a chapel is also contained within its bounds, and an open space for the exercise of the soldiery. It was constructed by the celebrated engineer Pacioti, that the cruel Duke

Duke d'Arenberg, who was imprisoned there by order of the Spanish king, and whom the painter imagined to be the governor of the fortress. In profound tribulation Brauer told his simple tale, and assured him he was only a poor painter. To test his story, the duke good-naturedly sent a messenger to Rubens, then residing close by, and obtained from him canvas and colours for Brauer, who at once set to work, and painted a group of soldiers who were engaged beneath his prison window in a game of cards. When it was finished it was shown to

Rubens, who at once declared it to be a work of Brauer's. That really great and generous man went immediately to the governor, begged for the liberty of his fellow-artist, and ultimately obtained it on becoming personally answerable for his conduct. He did not rest here; but took Brauer to his own princely mansion in Antwerp, where he gave him a chamber for his exclusive use, clothed him anew, and assigned him a place at his table.

Fortune now seemed to have done her best for Brauer, but he was not the man to value her smiles.



THE CITADEL OF ANTWERP IN 1603.

His short residence in the house of the courtly Rubens, who lived more like a prince than a painter, instead of elevating only depressed a man whose chief joy centred in tavern life. Like old Walter Mapes, his aspiration was—

"In a tavern to be till the day of his death,
With no stint to the full-flowing bowl,
That angels might sing, as he drew his last breath,
'Rest and peace be to this thirsty soul.'"

He made a precipitate retreat from Rubens's house

to the beershops, selling his clothes for drink. Becoming acquainted with a boon-companion, one Joseph van Craesbeck, a baker, he took the offer he gave the painter to board and lodge him on condition that he gave him lessons in Art. Master and pupil were as constantly carousing as painting, until at last all things went so ill with them that flight again was necessary, and both started for Paris. Brauer, however, found the life of the Parisian unlike the beer-drinking of Belgium and Holland, and longed



GATE AT HAARLEM.

to return. But he got no further on his road back than Antwerp, where he arrived, suffering from

of Alva might overawe the men of Antwerp. It was subsequently greatly strengthened by General Carnot.

* Walter Mapes flourished in the twelfth century as Archdeacon of Oxford. This thirsty churchman thus expressed himself in the first stanza of his celebrated convivial song, with a strength above our translation:—

"Mibi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
'Deus sit propitius huic potatori.'"

disease, exhaustion, and neglect. As a pauper he was received in the old public hospital of the city, and there died wretchedly, in the year 1660.* His body, wrapped in the straw pallet upon which he died, was inhumed in the burial-ground devoted to the plague-stricken; but his old friend Rubens,

* The public hospital of Antwerp is appropriately named after St. Julian, that saint being the patron of travellers. It is still a large and useful establishment, but preserves no traces of its antique features except the old Gothic doorway engraved on the following page.

hearing of this, and much moved at the untimely end of so true a genius and so great an artist, had him re-buried at his own cost, with all honour, in one of the principal churches of the city, and determined to erect a monument to his memory. He perfected his design, but was himself numbered among the dead ere he could have it executed.

In Gerard Dow we find the quietude of an Ostade. Throughout a long life he resided at Leyden, and devoted his whole thought to his Art. Pains-taking in a most extraordinary degree, he laboured unremittingly on his pictures; and Sandraat, in recording a visit he paid him in company with Hambroccio, narrates that Dow declared he should bestow three days more in finishing a broom in one corner of the picture, which had already attracted the attention of both by its laborious manipulation. In all his works he indulged the same love of minute finish; and he was as careful of the colours he used, grinding them himself, and treading his studio on tiptoe, lest he should raise dust on his palette to injure their brilliancy. The richness and purity of his colouring is still unrivalled; and though with some painters such extreme love of minute finish might sink their works to tameness, those of Dow have a vigour and an expression never excelled by any artist of his age. His pictures of Dutch life are perfect. The "Village School," in the Museum of Amsterdam, is often quoted for its peculiar power, and the difficulty the artist created for himself only to conquer it. It represents a large room filled with figures, and lighted by four candles at different parts of the composition. But a finer, if not the finest work by Dow, is the picture in the Louvre, known as "La Femme Hydropique," which displays his wonderful colour, drawing, composition, and knowledge of effect, in the most satisfactory manner.

In Gerard Dow's works we view the superior life of the Dutch. He has no love for the delineation of vulgar or coarse scenes, such as delighted too many of his compeers, and gave too much weight to critical objections to their works in general. Refined minds, used to the purities and high resolves of the Italian schools, received a repulsive shock from the scenes of Brauer and Jan Steen, and could scarcely tolerate the simple truth of Teniers, or the grand imaginings of Rubens, accompanied by the coarsenesses which seemed almost inseparable from the governing ideas of these masters. Ostade, on the contrary, elevates all he touches; his youthful figures breathe health and win affection; his men and women are not the tanned and wrinkled creatures repulsive to eye and mind; but rather lovable from the deeply-traced furrows with which sixty winters of genial thought have seamed their faces—"frosty" the end of their life scarcely seems, it is so "kindly" withal; and if we would pleasantly dream over the old time in Holland, and live in imagination among the people of the seventeenth century, we must go to the works of Ostade and Dow.

It is by studying the paintings of Jan Steen we become most intimately acquainted with the everyday life of the Dutch. Like our own Hogarth, he had the keenest sense of humour; and, like him, he has been too frequently stigmatised as a slovenly painter, or as a caricaturist. Both artists handled their pencils freely enough, but they only did as much by one touch as less impressible minds could do by a dozen; while their equally powerful perception of humorous character led them to fix its broadest features on their canvas. Careful execution, free conception, vivid and powerful colour, and vigorous chiaro-oscuro, are declared by Dr. Waagen to be found in the works of Jan Steen. Dr. Kugler says, "They imply a clear and cheerful view of common life, treated with a careless humour, and accompanied by great force and variety of individual expression, such as evinces the sharpest observation. He is almost the only artist of the Netherlands who has thus, with true genius, brought into full play all those elements of comedy. His technical execution suits his design; it is carefully finished, and, notwithstanding the closest attention to minute details, is as firm and correct as it is free and light." In the landscape backgrounds of some of his pictures—such as "The Game of Skittles," in Lord Ashburton's gallery—we find qualities which the greatest English landscape-painter, the late J. M. W. Turner, declared "worthy of Cuyp." Some of his scenes of better-class life—such as that known as "The Parrot," in the gallery at Amsterdam—are full of

grace and careful manipulation. It is, however, chiefly by such pictures as his "Feast of St. Nicholas," in the same collection, that he is best known; here his humour and expression are so great, that a French critic says you seem to know the thoughts of each person in the picture. In Mr. Baring's gallery there is a marvellous instance of his power—an old woman looking up with a grotesque earnestness into a doctor's face, who has come to attend her daughter. The lifelike energy and vivid expression of fleeting



GATE OF ST. JULIAN'S HOSPITAL, ANTWERP.

humour in each feature are perfectly wonderful. It is at once simply and boldly painted, as if the expression had been caught by the daguerreotype.

As reckless as Brauer, Steen lived a happier life: he was idle, gay, and thoughtless, but not vicious. Always poor, and careless of money when he had it, he rattled through life, taking its rough lessons with perfect good humour, and never caring for the morrow. He was born at Leyden, in 1636, and died there in 1689. He married early, and had

several children. His wife, like himself, was careless and equally improvident; she appears to have been quite as neglectful of all household duties and provisions for the future as her husband. If what is affirmed of some of his paintings be true, they represent her in no creditable state of ebriety, and her whole household in confusion. Unluckily they both started in life in a brewery at Delft, which was furnished for them by the artist's father, who was in that trade. The young couple, however, kept their taps constantly running for their own use and that of their friends, until bankruptcy closed the doors, and he took up Art for a fresh living. The life of a tavern-keeper had, however, too great a charm for Jan to relinquish readily, and he came back to Leyden on the death of his father, and opened house as one of that fraternity. Hither soon came all the toppers of the town, and many a careless artist to boot. Among them were Mieris and Lievens; the figure of Peace extending her olive-branch, which Jan painted for his sign, was indicative of the little trouble the painter-publican chose to give his customers. Hence the toppers never troubled themselves to pay, and Jan, faithful to his sign, gave them no uneasiness about it, until again compelled to close his too friendly doors through debt. His careless wife died soon after; and his neglected children frequently became the models for many of his pictures. He contracted a second marriage in a very humble way with a woman who sold sheep's heads and feet in the butchers' market; and he painted, and drank, and took the world easy until his death, when he left his wife with nine children, one of whom took to sculpture as a profession.

In spite of his culpable carelessness, and love of slatternly ease and tap-room life, he had superior friends. The gentlemanly Karel du Moor painted his humble second wife's portrait to gratify them both; Gabriel Metz, the quiet and elegant delineator of Dutch aristocratic life, was also his friend, and sat with his wife to Jan for their portraits; and Mieris, we have already noted, was his boon-companion. The elegance of the pictures by this latter artist, who always chose the higher life of Holland, like his fellow-artist, Metz, for the subjects of his pencil, and delineated such scenes so admirably, would scarcely have led to the conclusion that he could have found pleasure in Jan's tavern at Leyden. But the fact is that Jan was a sound artist, and could



LEYDEN.

mix up agreeable knowledge with his farcical jovialities; and the orgies of Jan's tavern proved so fascinating, that it is recorded Mieris was nearly drowned one night in a dyke as he returned home in one of what Burns calls "The wee short hours ayont the twal," rather the worse for liquor. The painter was fished out by a cobbler, who, astonished at his velvet dress and gold buttons, was still more surprised to find the saved man only a poor painter; but most astonished of all when the artist, in his gratitude,

made him a present of one of his pictures, for which he obtained 800 florins.

It is in the works of Jan Steen that we more particularly see the ordinary life of the Dutch people depicted. Their manners and customs may be there truly studied. "The Feast of St. Nicholas," at the museum at Amsterdam, and "The Marriage," in the collection of Mr. Baring, illustrate our meaning.

[To be continued.]

SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT TO THE STUDENT IN ART.*

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER VI.

Helen the Beautiful—Sacrifice to Diana Artemis—The Bride of Sparta—A Place of Peril—Otho the Sanguinary—Otho the Wonder—Pope John XVI.—Crescentius—"Thy Sin shall follow thee!"—The Gift of the Roman—Conrad of Franconia—The Soldier's boot—A Picture from the *Times*—The Sheikh-ul-Islam—The Patriarch—The Armenian—The Rabbi—The Cranes of Ibycus—Might of the Eumenides—A Legend of the House—St. Fillian the Hermit—The Luminous Hand—The King's Vision—A Frenchman to be painted—Les Hurst—England's Angel of Mercy—The Wide-World's Florence Nightingale—English Cathedrals—Ancient Oratory of St. Martin—King Ethelbert the Christian, and Bertha the Queen—Travelling, Past and Present—The Packhorse—Peasant Girls of England—The Gay and Roving Carriers—The Flying Coach.

Of Helen the beautiful, as her bright eyes beamed over the world when the best of their light had departed, and after her downfall had deprived their gaze of its firm self-assurance, we have representations in abundance; but not so of that better period, the fair morning of her life, when as yet there had arisen no cloud to dim the radiance of her beauty—when the faultless features had contracted no expression that could mar the effect of their pure outline, their delicate texture, their soft and chastened colouring; while the perfections of her form retained all that nameless grace of motion which results from merited self-approval, and some portion of which must needs be lost with every step towards wrong. No: we have not enough of Helen as she was in that young day; and the sculptor may look to it with advantage, for it is his affair. Let him give her, for example, to our delight and admiration, as she is prepared to lead her young companions, when all are going up to sacrifice in the temple sacred to Diana Artemis. She lifts the wreath of triumph, and a moment later shall see it placed on her unsullied brow; but as yet we have the faultless contour unbroken: wherefore take now thy chisels, Sculptor—wait not till those candid brows be shadowed, though it be by congenial blossoms; let the chaplet still remain half suspended, and give us the glad sweet face of the peerless princess as she stands *non-blameless*.

For the painter there is also place—but his moment is not the same, and the subject he shall take is of different character: he will find it in certain stanzas from the Lyrics of Stersichorus, which do precisely the thing we have been talking of—they take the artist back, *videlicet*, to the blissful period when he may most frankly delight in the study which that all-beauteous Helen presents. The words are these:—

"Rolled the refulgent car along,
Bearing the fair bride of the Spartan king,
Who, in her radiant beauty, like a star
Or earth-born Venus, shone afar.
And see! with dance and choral song
Myceus's dark-haired daughters bring
Their choicest gifts, and golden quinces throw
In her chaste lap—and bouquets of myrtle bloom,
Odorous and white as snow—
And roses, on Eurotas' banks that blow—
And violet flowers, the earliest of the spring,
To break the winter's gloom.

"Beautiful Helen! in thy queenly pride
To thee we bow, great Menelaus' bride,
With downcast eyes and bended knee;
Sweetest to the sweet—we offer these to thee."†

The painter will be at no loss for beauty of site fittingly to exhibit the lovely train called before him by the words of the poet. Softly undulating, the sun-lighted landscape lies fair beneath the rich deep blue of the Grecian heaven; cypress, vine, and olive, lend the variety of their tints; on a gentle acclivity there gleams the pure white marble of a delicate Ionian fane; and, glittering afar, is the calm unruffled surface of a boldly-curving bay, heaving slightly, but only as with the peaceful breath of a joy-fraught life; white sails, as were they sea-birds, may be discerned on the waters, but all are in the remote distance—they do not mar the Elysian tran-

quillity of the hour by any thought of sinister arrivals—those barks pursue their unheeded way, and no evil that may lurk in the future is now apparent.

To him who ascends a throne in his boyhood, a great and splendid destiny may seem to be appointed, but it by no means follows that his lot is a desirable one; on the contrary, a more than common amount of evil and suffering is but too frequently the result of his position—the rule of his life. Examples of this unhappy truth crowd on the memory. The life of Otho III., Emperor of Germany, who assumed the perilous seat in question when but twelve years old, is among the most prominent—as may with almost equal truth be said of that of his father, Otho the Sanguinary, into whose hands were given the reins of sovereignty before he had well numbered eighteen springs.

Studies from the life of the first-named emperor, Otho III. namely, were made some years since, at the instance of the present writer, by a young Bavarian artist then painting in the Pinacothek of Munich. They were subsequently much admired by certain amateurs of Art at that time assembled in Venice; but the failing health of their author made it but too obvious that his work on earth must end before it had well begun, and not one of them was ever completed.

One of these sketches represents the unfortunate pontiff, John XVI., elevated to the chair of St. Peter, as most of you will remember, principally by the influence of the Consul Crescentius,—at that moment, when, made prisoner by Otho, he is brought forth to die the cruel death inflicted on him by command of the infuriated monarch. The scene of our picture is the summit of the Castle of St. Angelo: Rome, in all the pomp of her regal beauty, lies immediately at our feet; the seven hills are before us; and beyond lies the wide-spreading Campagna: but our interest is all centred on the melancholy group gathered within that narrow space which constitutes the topmost level of the fortress.

Otho has caused the eyes of the pontiff to be put out, and has otherwise cruelly mutilated his face; but the artist judiciously withholds the more revolting details, and we do but see that the prisoner, thus helpless in the hands of his executioner, is on the brink of doom: another moment, and those ruffianly figures, two of whom are already leading the blind captive forward, will close around him; they are preparing to cast him from the battlements to the court below, and a few fleeting moments only have to pass before they shall have accomplished the cruel mandate of their lord.

The second study gives us the Consul himself, at the moment when his head is about to be laid on the block: he, too, has been condemned, as you will also remember, by Otho; and for that same revolt wherein his influence had prevailed, to the expulsion of Gregory V., then pontiff, and to the substitution of the unhappy John.

The principal merit of these sketches is the correctness of drawing exhibited in the figures of the executioners, which, in both instances, give proof of more anatomical knowledge than is usually attained in the first youth of the student.

A third cartoon of the same series represents Otho himself. He is reclining on the purple couch of sovereignty, in a magnificent apartment of his palace. Implacable in his resentments, and otherwise tainted with the vices of his age, Otho was nevertheless brave and resolute, just and generous. The man here taking a short repose from the toils of a laborious life is of noble presence, and a not unpleasant aspect: the flower of his youth has scarcely departed, for the summers he has seen do but number twenty-nine; yet are the marks of care and suffering become apparent on his brow, and you would give him some ten years more, if you judged of his age by his expression. He is extending his right hand towards a woman of singular beauty and richly attired, who is in the act of presenting him with a pair of gloves: one of these he has already drawn on, and his hand is extended, as we have said, to receive the other.

And she who presents it to him?—She does so without hesitation; yet is there in her eyes a strange rigidity of gaze, and in her whole aspect a character all unsuited as it should seem to the features of one who is performing a service of affection, and might

be expected to exhibit some pleasure in her office: whereas this woman's hard compressed lips betoken the stern resolution of one determined on some desperate act, rather than the soft sweet loving glance of her who, bringing a fair gift, is gratified by the gratification she is giving.

But this is the widow of Crescentius, and the gift she offers is the death of the recipient; hence those hard eyes, fixed observingly on the face of her unconscious victim, and hence the resolved sternness of the lips.

Otho, affecting to lay the crown of Germany at her feet, has reduced the proud wife of Crescentius to the condition of his paramour; but he has refused to fulfil his promise of espousal, and the Roman is avenging her wrongs by a murder. Those gloves are poisoned, and Otho dies by the gift.

In his mode of treating the third of these subjects, our artist made a slight deviation from the truth of history, which does indeed affirm the death of Otho by means of poisoned gloves, and that these were sent him by the widow of Crescentius for the cause assigned, is also a well-authenticated fact: but we nowhere find it asserted that the gloves were presented by her own hand, nor is it, indeed, probable that this was the case. The dramatic interest of the picture is, without doubt, greatly enhanced by the mode of treatment adopted, but of this part of the subject it is not now "our hest to speak."

Another study, and from a period of German history immediately subsequent to that just treated, but not by the same painter, has been taken from the reign of Conrad II., Duke of Franconia, who succeeded Henry II., the immediate successor of our previous acquaintance, Otho III. This represents the somewhat singular spectacle of an event which certainly did take place, and, being true, we may suffer it to come in, by way of relief to the painful effect produced by the stories preceding.

Conrad of Franconia was remarkable for the generosity of his disposition—not in the narrow sense of mere liberality, and the free hand of giving only, but in the wider acceptance also: the story alluded to is related among other instances. A gentleman whose possessions were not equal to his birth and bravery, had lost a leg in the imperial service, while performing prodigies of valour in the effort to save a standard, which he brought off at the hazard of his life. Conrad, informed of the circumstances, and hearing also that the noble was poor, sent to bid him to an audience; and it is this meeting of the emperor with his mutilated subject that the painter has represented. The high officers of his court surround the monarch, and one of the most dignified of their number holds in his hands a riding-boot, filled to overflowing with gold coins of the empire. This has been presented to the successful soldier of the standard, and the dignitary is now resigning it to the care of an old servant of the mutilated man, whose look of pride and old affection is so earnestly fixed on his master, that he scarcely seems to bestow a thought on the value of the deposit: with him,—a fine old warlike figure himself,—as with the soldier of Napoleon, "Honour is all." The story proceeds to say that Conrad, declaring his resolve to confer a liberal pension for life on the former possessor of the boot, thenceforth useless, demands the gift of his second son in return—assuring his gratified subject that the child shall henceforth be reared in the palace, and in due time be ennobled among his pages. This, too, the painter depicts. The boy, a remarkably beautiful one, is approaching from the outer hall; he is led forward by his tutor, a pale and grave-looking ecclesiastic, whose placid but highly intellectual countenance comes in strong contrast with the bright, glad, youthful aspect of the child, while his sombre robes stand in equal distinction with the gorgeous habits of the figures more immediately around the throne.

The *Times* is a great magician. This truth is so deeply felt, so universally admitted, that many voices will at once arise to say, "We knew all that before." But the *Times* is also a great painter; and if there be any yet ignorant of the fact, let him read what follows, and his education shall in so far be amended.

"The reading of the imperial firman, granting equal rights to all the subjects of the sultan, was fixed for Monday last."

"The apartment destined for the ceremony was

* Continued from p. 154.

† These lines, a fragment only, are given by Mr. Jesse, as the translation of his friend, the Rev. J. Mitford. They will be found in a much-admired work of the first-named writer, namely, the "Favourite Haunts and Rural Studies," pp. 267, 268.

the great council-hall, spacious enough in itself, but by no means sufficient to contain the numbers of people who wished to be present at this important act. . . .

"Beside the ministers surrounding the Kaimakam of the Grand Vizier, Mohammed Kibrieli Pasha, there were present all the members of the Council of State and the Tanzimat, with all the other high functionaries of the Porte. The Sheik-ul-Islam,* the patriarchs, the archbishops and bishops of the different religious communities, with a good number of the most prominent men among the Mussulman and non-Mussulman population of Constantinople, likewise took part.

"This assembly, composed of the most distinguished men in Turkey, would have formed an interesting study for a physiognomist; nor would it have been found inferior to any similar assembly as regards intellectual countenances. The most prominent feature was earnestness. Notwithstanding the contact with Europe, and the history of so many deposed and assassinated sovereigns, the person of the latter is still held in religious veneration. Even the rather turbulently disposed crowd outside became silent when the firman, signed by the sultan's own hand, was taken out. Everybody seemed to be penetrated with the solemnity of the moment.

"The firman was read by Habat Effendi, the *Mektebji*, or Chief of the Chancery of the Grand Vizier. When the reading was over, the Sheik-ul-Islam, Arif Effendi, read a prayer appropriate to the occasion; after which the grand vizier made an address to those present, in which he touched upon the most prominent points contained in the firman.

"When the ceremony was over, printed copies of the firman, in the original Turkish, were distributed among the crowd. Translations into all the languages of the empire are in course of preparation, and when these are completed they will be distributed through the various provinces." . . .

So far the mere statement of the facts by an eye-witness; but how significant are these facts! In another part of the paper are the remarks that follow; and if the simple declaration that so grand an event has been accomplished has not inspired you at once to commence the transmission of its details to the never-dying canvas, here are certain words that cannot fail to make your heart glow, and wake up your imagination, or the one is colder and the other more torpid than befits that glorious name of Painter which you bear.

Dear friend *Times*, *loquitur*:—"If the will of an Eastern potentate be indeed supreme, and like the centurion of old, he has only to say 'Do this,' and it is done, then may we consider that the greatest revolution of any age has just been accomplished beneath our eyes. A firman of the sultan, establishing absolute equality between all his subjects, has been read before the assembled dignitaries of his empire. That empire is the dominion of Constantinople and of the Caliphs in one. From the frontiers of Austria to the shores of the Persian Gulf; in Belgrade and Adrianople; in Constantinople, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Tunis; in the holy cities of Arabia, at the birth-place, and at the grave of the Prophet, the imperial edict, translated into many tongues, will be read and pondered. Those who listened to its ordinances a fortnight since at the Porte, were the representatives of the East in its widest sense. The grand vizier of the Ottoman sultans and the Sheik-ul-Islam, clad in the green robes of his office, impersonated that conquering and ruling faith, which, even to the days of our own William III., threatened Europe and Christianity. The patriarch of Constantinople, still the successor of Chrysostom, and the head of the earthly Church to 80,000,000 of men, stood surrounded by bishops, whose sees were famous cities when France was a Roman province, and England a wilderness of scattered Celtic tribes. The metaphysical disputes of a forgotten theology were represented by the patriarch of the Armenian Church, the chief of a nation isolated in features and language from any that now lives on earth. Last of all, there was the chief Rabbi of the Jews, who came to receive for his oppressed race the promised equality in their own holy land, from the lips of a Mussulman sultan.

* Few will now require to be told that the Sheik-ul-Islam is "Chief of the Faith." He is head of the law no less than of the priesthood, and is a dignitary of the highest distinction.

Whatever be its results, the event which has just taken place must always remain one of the most interesting in the history of mankind."

It must, beyond all doubt—must and will. Think, then, if it be not well your part to prepare for the visible presentment thereof in the highest place of our noblest gallery. I say "prepare," because I know well that worthily to depict this great event will require all the energies of an earnest mind, powerful to comprehend the great and good, with all the devotion of a pure warm heart—loving that good cordially when and wheresoever it may be found, and desiring fervently that its beneficent influence may prevail. To these must be added a keen perception, quick to comprehend all the strongest points in every case and question, that no portion of the interest may be suffered to escape; an imagination capable of enhancing the force even of the most salient features, yet chastened by a delicacy recoiling sensitively from the baneful vulgarity of exaggeration; and, joined to the rest, must be that excellent servant, the cool judgment, guiding a firm well-practised hand, ever ready to obey the dictates of the master-spirit within.

All these, and much besides, are demanded by the great and lasting work before you—but then you have them all; or if you do not fully possess them at the present moment, they are increasing to you with each advancing day—you are in culture for such a condition of being, you labour earnestly to secure it, you look with reverence to the older aspirants who have attained to these qualities before you, and with sympathy towards the comrade who is treading the upward path at your side? Surely yes! but if not, if you do not feel conscious to any one of these qualities, feelings, or aspirations, begone! it is not for you that a task so exalted has been reserved; and what still remains to be added, from the words of our good friend, is for such as shall better deserve to hear it.

For these, then, is written that which follows, and which is taken in like manner from the *Times*:—

"Historians have discussed the causes of the French revolution, and have attempted to find its origin far back in the annals of the country. They could not conceive that a single age could produce by itself so marvellous a change. But what demolition and reconstruction of society will have been so complete as this great Eastern revolution, which, beginning some twenty years since, has lately hurried onward so rapidly, and seems destined still to pursue its portentous course? To practical minds, the domestic events of our own community may have a greater importance, but they must be few who can look on what is passing in those ancient lands, the cradle of the human race, the home even now of venerable nations, without a strange and peculiar interest. That religious freedom should have been proclaimed for the first time to the followers of churches persecuted both by emperors and sultans—that material progress should be in store for regions almost forgotten by the busy enterprise of the West, are facts which must call for the attention of all, even amidst the most earnest discussion of our own affairs. It is like a vision of dry bones—dry bones called to life on the disinterment of a city hidden for ages."

There, then, is your picture. We have said that the artist who shall paint it will perform a great work, and he will do so; but is it a difficult one? To him who is fit for it, certainly not. Let him read again, and he will see that the picture is already painted to his hand; he has but to copy—that great brother of the brush, whose words we have just given, has indeed left him little else to do. Being, then, what he is, our painter will let none of that "earnestness" which, we are so significantly told, was the most striking characteristic of those assembled, escape him; but, going to his work with the consciousness of its high significance exalting and ennobling his conceptions, and with all his powers devoted to the worthy expression of its import, he will set before us the glorious event of that fortunate Monday in such sort as to make the representation, no less than the thing itself, an abounding "joy for ever."

Inexhaustible are the riches of Germany's beloved and justly boasted Schiller. No man takes from their abundance but to his profit: be your purpose

what it may, never—provided only that purpose be good—can you turn to his pages without benefit. For the artist, more especially, there are pictures of the highest import and most entrancing beauty; they rise at every instant to his delighted gaze. Nor is this all, or even the most important and valuable portion of the advantage to be obtained by the study of that divine writer: the least impressionable finds himself influenced by the purity of his spirit, and the warmth of his feeling; the most obstinate must needs yield to the force of his reasoning, the most refractory cannot refuse to be amended by the gentle compulsion of that heart-inspired and heart-appealing eloquence, which in his pages constantly enforces lessons ever tending to the right and good.

To cite two short poems only, the "Words of Belief," and the "Words of Error;"† where else will you find truth so full and glorious in words so few, yet so effective? Read but these only, and be sure that if they should chance to be the first of your acquaintance with their immortal author, they will by no means be the last of your study in his works.

Leaving these, nevertheless, for the present, let us turn to "The Cranes of Ibycus;"‡ and if you reproduce on your canvas the effective picture given in the stanzas, you will perform a work that can scarcely fail to satisfy even yourself. The story may be told very briefly to such as yet remain unacquainted with its details.

Murdered in the groves of Neptune, while on his way to take part in the games of Corinth, Ibycus, the beloved of Apollo, invokes a flight of Cranes, which alone are witness of the deed, to avenge his fate. His mangled remains are found by the grieving Corinthians, who decree vengeance on his destroyers.

All are assembled in the theatre—the chorus enters, and here commences your portion of the work. You have the open theatre with its crowding masses, before whom the chorus:—

"Streng und ernst, nach alter Sitte,
Mit langsam abgemessnem Schritte,
Hervortritt aus dem Hintergrund,
Umwandelnd des Theaters Rund;
So schreiten keine ird'schen Welber;
Die zeugte kein sterblich Haus;
Es steigt das Riesenmaaz des Leiber,
Hoch über menschliches hinaus.
Ein schwarzer Mantel schillert die Lenden;
Sie schwingen in entfleischten Händen,
Der Fackel düsterrothe Glut;
In ihren Wangen fließt kein Blut;
Und wo die Haare lieblich flattern,
Um Menschenstirnen freundlich wehn;
Da sieht man Schlangen hier und Nattern,
Die giftgeschwollenen Bäuche blähen."

Thus faithfully and efficiently translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton:—

"True to the awful rites of old,
In long and measured strides, behold
The chorus from the hinder ground,
Pace the vast circle's solemn round.
So this world's women never strode,
Their race from mortals ne'er began—
Gigantic, from their grim abode,
They tower above the sons of man!
Across their loins their dark robe clinging,
In fleshless hands the torches swinging,
Now to and fro with dark red glow,
No blood that lives the red cheeks know!
Where flow the locks that woo to love
On human temples, ghastly dwell
The serpents, coil'd the brow above,
And the green apes with poison swell."§

Pacing around the circle as here described, the awful "Daughters of Night," having announced their avenging power in a hymn of great solemnity, for which I have not space, are disappearing in the background, when across the open space of the roof comes sudden darkness, proceeding from the flock of

"The slow cranes, hoarse murmuring,"

that just then pass over. A voice is instantly heard to proceed from the countless masses:—

"Behold! behold, Timotheus!
See there—the cranes of Ibycus!"

are the fateful words it utters, and the crime of the speaker stands revealed. In vain would the murderer retract his words; his white and quivering lips complete the confession he would so fain recall. The

§ "Would you touch the hearts of others,
First your own must feel the glow."

LEWIS, ex-King of Bavaria.

† "Die Worte des Glaubens," "Die Worte des Wahns."

‡ "Die Kraitsche des Ibykus."
§ "The Poems of Friedrich von Schiller." Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

audience, well prepared for the awakening of his conscience by the hymn of the chorus, rise—an imposing mass—declaring as one man—

"The truth we seize!
Thy might is here, EUMENIDES!
"The murderer yields himself, confess:
Vengeance is near, that voice the token.
"Ho! him who yonder spoke arrest,
And him to whom the words were spoken!"*

This is done, and "the dark unwitnessed crime," to borrow from the same translator, is "struck by the lightning that revealed." Your moment for this work you will have no difficulty in choosing, and may cause it to serve, as does the whole poem, remarks Sir Edward, to illustrate furthermore those lines where Schiller declares in his "Artists"—

"Secret Murder, pale and shuddering, sees
Sweep o'er the stage the stern Eumenides;
Owens, where law fails, what powers to Art belong,
And, screened from justice, finds its doom in song."†

"There is a curious piece of traditional superstition connected with Bruce and Bannockburn," says Alexander Fraser Tytler, in a note to his *Lives of Scottish Worthies*; "but this, as it was not to be found in Fordun or Winton, I have omitted from the text."

"Perhaps I have done wrong," he adds, "since the circumstance is characteristic of the times." And he would have "done wrong" without doubt, the excellent writer, had he persisted in his exclusion of the story; but he has happily repented him of the evil in good time, and for your comfort and mine, O painters, has inserted the legend in that chapter of *Antiquarian Illustrations* which he has appended to his work. There the reader who may desire to read more will find it: the words, so far as they seem to be required for our purpose, are these:—

"Our story relates to an alleged miracle regarding the luminous arm of St. Fillan, who has given his name to many chapels and holy fountains in various parts of Scotland. Cameronius tells us that he was Abbot of Pittenweem, but afterwards retired to the wild and romantic district of Glenorquhay, where he died a hermit in the year 649. The legend asserts that when engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, he was compelled to desist from his labours for lack of light; but while grieving over this circumstance, he suddenly found that his left hand and arm emitted a supernatural effulgence, by which, without either torch or candle, he was enabled to proceed at midnight as at mid-day.

"This luminous arm was ever after preserved as a relic; and Bruce, who neglected nothing that might give confidence to his soldiers—nay, whose own mind was probably not insensible to the influence of the legend—carried it with him, enclosed in its silver shrine, to Bannockburn.

"But the king's chaplain, fearing lest that precious relic might fall into the hands of the English, or be otherwise lost, abstracted it secretly from the tent of the king, wherein he left nothing appertaining to the saint, save only his silver shrine.

"On the night preceding the battle, Robert, whose mind was filled with anxiety, could not compose himself to sleep, but passed the hours in earnest supplication to the saint, whose arm he believed to be shut up within the reliquary. Suddenly, and after long prostration of mind and body, a more than ordinary light appeared to fill the tent, and looking up, the Bruce perceived an arm extended above his head, and in the act of withdrawing itself from the shrine, the door of which stood open. Starting to his feet, in the belief that some bold robber was attacking the sacred deposit, he beheld the refulgent arm reposing within its jewelled receptacle, the doors whereof were even then closing slowly, of their own movement, as the astonished king gazed on them in awe and wonder. Turning then to examine if any man were concealed in the tent, the Bruce beheld a majestic form in the entrance of the pavilion. This appearance was in the act of departing, yet Robert recognised St. Fillan by the portrait of that holy archbishop, suspended over the altar of his oratory. Being strictly questioned, the chaplain subsequently confessed what he had done, when Bruce could no longer doubt that the saint had restored his arm to the shrine as an assurance of victory: the result of the battle, decisive as it was, the complete

triumph of the Scots, and the flight of Edward to Dunbar, could not fail to confirm his conviction."

To the Scottish artist, more especially, this tradition of the Bruce can scarcely fail to offer an attractive subject for his pencil, although we do not remember to have seen it chosen by any one of them; yet there may be more than one who has done so—seeing that the works of Tytler are deservedly popular, and are in the hands of all who read.

We are not so good, we dear people of this excellent world, but that some day or other we may find it possible to make ourselves better; and one means to that desirable result is assuredly in the hands of the painters. Let them but set before our eyes the living presentment of such things as any one among us may do towards "being good," as nurses say to the children, and the glow that one cannot but feel at heart when some great and noble action stands confessed and clear before us, may do something towards helping forward the result whereto we have just hinted. Nay, there does not always need even so much to wake up the ready sympathies of our better nature; and here, in few words, is a proof that he who does but obey an impulse, provided it be a pure and upright one, will, in so far, serve as "the electric chain wherewith" the hearts of others may, for the moment, at least, be aroused to the love and appreciation of the good and right.

In the early part of the year 1760, Commodore Thurot, an officer in the service of France, then at war with England, threw himself on the coast of Ireland, entered Carrickfergus by surprise, and for some short time was master of the town. While the French troops and those of the small garrison were then fighting in the streets, a little Irish child, unconscious of its danger, ran between the two parties just as each, having drawn off for a moment to reload and prepare, had commenced the renewal of the carnage. Perceiving the presence of the infant, and moved to compassion by its innocence, a French grenadier cast down his musket, rushed into the midst of the fire, caught the child in his arms, sprang with his charge towards the shrieking mother, who, discovering her loss, was hastening to seek the boy, and having placed him within the porch of a neighbouring house, whence the terrified woman could take him without peril to either, he hurried back to his place amidst the loud shouts of all who, on either side, beheld his humane action.

Many a deed of admirable humanity, as well as heroic bravery, you will doubtless find recorded in the annals of the late war: paint them all then, for we can scarcely have too many such; but do not refuse to let this also stand beside them—there will be room for the whole, whether on the walls of our galleries or in our hearts, do not doubt it.

Again, if in some dark day we should any of us feel more than commonly disposed to evil, here is a prescription that, if we be not wholly incorrigible, may go far to cure us of the malady. It is a pilgrimage to Lea Hurst—the home in youth, if not the birth-place, of one whose name can never henceforth be uttered in any land, but that a throb of pride, as well as a warm feeling of respect and affection, must rise spontaneously in the heart of every Englishman who shall hear the sound. Nay, we have no longer the sole property in that revered name; the virtues of her who bears it have made her an object of love and reverence to men of all nations—all claim part in her as in one who has exalted humanity—dwellers in every land are uniting to do her honour; and if those so late our enemies still look doubtfully on the mass of our country-people, they make an exception in her favour. Even the Muscovite raises his rude cap from his brows, as he would before the Panagia,* when he hears that sweet and heart-warming music, the name of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE; that angel of mercy, for the sight of whose very shadow the sick man kept hourly vigil, and at whose approach he who lay deprived of half his members, strove to lift his mutilated form that he might look upon her.

The domain of Emblay House, in the varied and beautiful county of Hants, may likewise claim some interest in this admirable lady; and far be it from us to neglect the justly prized rights of any, in a possession so deservedly valued; but it is with Lea

Hurst, in Derbyshire, that we have now to do, and if the landscape-painter should "go in search of beauty," he too, no less than the worshipper of the morally beautiful, may find all that even his fancy can set before him in the delightful region wherein the mansion and domain are situated.

The building is of the Elizabethan style; its stone mullioned windows opening beneath many gables, and the substantial clusters of chimney-stacks rising from its roofs, giving promise of abundant hospitality; the pleasant gardens and shrubberies are enclosed within a wide-extending park, whence delightful views of a country richly diversified with hill and valley, wood and stream, gorgeously tinted rocks and emerald fields, present themselves at all points. "The Druid-crowned Riber," with the bold hills around and beyond Matlock, are perhaps among the most prominent. Scarthin Nick and the heights beyond Cromford are also to be seen from the park. It is, indeed, a place not unlikely to have assisted in the development of a pure and holy creature; for what is there so elevating, morally or intellectually, as the perpetual contemplation of great natural beauty? what so well calculated to foster the nobler impulses, to awaken the more generous sympathies, to produce, at a word, that large-hearted beneficence which has given to the subject of our present remarks that first place among women certainly now occupied by Miss Nightingale, as a constant abode in the visible presence of Him who has made us all? and this privilege is without doubt secured to the fortunate possessor of a home placed and formed as is Lea Hurst.

We do not repeat any one of the many anecdotes now current in society, and become "familiar in the mouths" of all, that might be adduced in exemplification of the remarks here made; your memory will supply you with such most amply, to say nothing of the many that cannot fail to be added to your store, whether your choice be the "faire manor-house in Hampshire," or the beautiful Lea Hurst.

Much has been said, much written, and perhaps some little painted—although scarcely so much as might be desired—of our beautiful cathedral churches; nor has the noble metropole of Canterbury failed to obtain its share of notice. But within a mile of that structure is one which has scarcely been "marked of the painter," although few better merit his attention. The fane to which we allude is the more lowly Church of St. Martin; and there are those who maintain that this is the very building described by the venerable Bede, when he relates the fact that "in a church dedicated to the honour of St. Martin, and built while the Romans were still in our island, did Bertha, the queen, resort to hear mass and pray, until Ethelbert her husband, being converted to the faith of Christ, endowed his teachers with a settled place in this metropolis of Canterbury, bestowing on them at the same time all needful muniments, and permitting them to preach freely, wheresoever it might seem good to them."

Many proofs of its high antiquity will be found in the Church of St. Martin, by the artist who may desire to present us with a memorial of our first Christian king, for the baptism of Ethelbert is believed to have been received from its font, without doubt one of the first made in England. Other circumstances of interest attach themselves to the church: it was here that St. Augustine uttered his earliest exhortations to the people of Canterbury; here that the excellent Queen Bertha had her oratory; and here that they still reverently exhibit her tomb. To him whose heart and mind are attuned to the subject, not one of these will be without significance; and if, since the interior, although perfect in its exquisite restoration of an ancient oratory, is a restoration, he should feel chilled by the evidences of that fact presented within, let him betake himself to the pleasant churchyard without the building; the proud towers and aspiring pinnacles of the vast cathedral, though visible from that gentle eminence, need not too forcibly distract his attention from the primitive St. Martin, with its low square tower darkly mantled in luxuriant ivy: reverend yew-trees offer him their shade of ages, the purple glow of sunset shall enrich the landscape to his utmost desire, or the silvery morning sunlight, newly beaming from the dawn, shall come stealing softly over the rich green sward, where it alopes gracefully

* Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, *et supra*.
† Sir E. B. Lytton's Translation.

* The Panagia is the Virgin of the Greek Church.

to the plain beneath. Should he then need further inspiration for that scene of past days,—which he cannot but meditate reproducing for us, as he makes all the beauteous picture his own, while reclining beneath those majestic witnesses of an older age, the century-crowned trees that bend their broad arms over him,—let him read what Wordsworth has said concerning the place, and he can scarcely fail to find it:—

"For ever hallowed be this morning fair,
Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,
And blest the silver Cross, which ye instead
Of martial banner in procession bear;
The Cross preceding him who floats in air—
The pictured Saviour. By Augustine led,
They come, and onward travel without dread,
Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer,
Sung for themselves and those whom they would free.
Rich conquest waits them: the tempestuous sea
Of ignorance that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing sword,
Those good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity."

Who that has haunted picture-galleries, whether at home or abroad, but must have remarked the eager interest with which all crowd round the artist having a story to tell—more especially if he tell it ably. This was done to some extent, a few years since, in respect to "Travelling in the Olden Time," by one of our living artists; but there is ample room for another—not to say for many another—labourer in the same field; and if he who may enter on this pleasant avocation, do not find that he has wiled all observers from the "Portrait of a Gentleman," and even "Portrait of a Lady" painters—to say nothing of many another—why then "*j'y perds mon Latin*," but he will, and never doubt it. For whether he take Stow's "long waggon" of two hundred and seventy years since, then in the fiftieth year of their existence, or thereabouts, or give us the "flying coaches" of a later period, ambitiously aspiring to rush on at the frantic rate of "four miles in the hour," he has but faithfully to delineate "life in travel" as the annalist and wayfarer of the period have described it—boasting its advance, or bemoaning its evils, each according to his humour—and he will produce a picture well worthy to be painted in these present times, were it only as a memorial of what must else be forgotten.

For the string of packhorses, winding gravely their laborious way across vast undulating moorlands, a thick mist falling heavily, and the carriers puzzled to discern the track, there might be a claim put forward; and if a disconsolate passenger were added, doing penance between the two packs of a horse, as he wends to seek his fortune in that London whose streets were then paved with gold, there would be all the more room for the delineation of character. Or permit the moment to be a more genial one: let the sun be shining cheerily, and the vigorous train sweeping joyously forward through the fair bright uplands on a gladsome morn of May: there be those of our artists who would give us to hear the very chime of their bells as they pass; and who can marvel, though the peasant maidens, depicted for us as meeting that train by the way, do linger long to behold its bravery? How lovely are they, those sweet maids of England! but alack the while, how completely deaf to the words of their matronly companion! She is doubtless warning them of dangers that may lurk in such glances as the bold drivers are bending on their beauty—but they heed her not a jot: alas, and woe is me!

Or say that you care but little for packhorses—then, though differing from you widely, let us beg of you to look at this "coach" of some hundred and eighty years back, as described by various writers of that day. "It wears two boots," says John Taylor, the water-poet; "two boots, but no spurs—nay, sometimes it hath two pairs of legs in each one of these boots; and oftentimes, against nature, most preposterously doth it make fair ladies wear the boot. Moreover, people who ride therein are forced to imitate sea-crabs, and go sideways, as do all men who sit in the boot of a coach."

Mr. Charles Knight tells us that these boots were uncovered seats "projecting from each side of the carriage;" and hearing this, one can scarcely marvel that a writer quoted by him, as travelling in this contrivance, should declare his journey to have been "noways pleasant." "For," says he, "I was forced

to ride sidelong in the boot all the way; and this travel hath so much indisposed me, that I am resolved never to ride up again in the coach." Even the dignity of his companions does not appear to have consoled our traveller, since he announces this resolution after having recorded that "the company that came up" with him were "persons of great quality, as knights and ladies." *

Neither were the roads of those days altogether irreproachable of character; and a second complainant, writing in the latter part of the seventeenth century, asks piteously, in reference to them and to the coaches:—

"Is it for a man's health to exchange the convenient fashion of travelling on horseback, for this weary cumber of sitting behind tired jades, who do not seldom lay him fast in the foul ways, whereby he is forced to wade up to the knees in mire, and then to abide in the cold until horses can be found to pull the coach out? Is it for his health to sit, long shaken in a rotten box, to have his tackle, perch, or axletree broken; wait half a day to have it mended, and then journey all the night to make good his stage?"

Perhaps not; but our grumbler may have found consolation in the merry supper eaten nightly at his inn, during the fourteen halts of "a quick passage" between York and London; or if not, the painter who shall desire to preserve for us a lasting memory of those times, may find something germane to the matter, in this singular contrast to our railway doings of the present day, when we all pass prosaically from our English capital to that of Scotland within the narrow limits of some short twelve hours.

PHOTOGALVANOGRAPHY;

OR, ENGRAVING BY LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY.

PHOTOGALVANOGRAPHY is the name of a process invented by Mr. Paul Pretsch, the late manager of the Imperial and Government printing-office at Vienna. The manipulatory details by which the copper plate, with its photographic representation, is produced, have been obligingly shown and explained to us: the results are so very different from anything which has hitherto been produced, they are of such exceeding promise, and the process involves so many interesting particulars, that we have resolved on giving the readers of the *Art-Journal* some account of an art which cannot fail to be of importance.

One of the points towards which attention has been constantly directed, since the discovery of the process by which the solar rays were made to delineate external objects upon chemically prepared tablets, has been the invention of some mode by which those impressed tablets could be easily employed to multiply the original image. Several methods have been introduced from time to time—each of them of more or less promise—although up to the present day it does not appear that any have been entirely successful.

We have seen *heliographs*—as the pictures by M. Niepce were called—etched, and some tolerably successful experiments have been made, by electro-chemical and simple chemical action, to bite into the silver surface of the Daguerreotype plate. Mr. Henry Fox Talbot patented a process by which etchings were obtained upon steel plates; but all these differ in many essential particulars from the process of photogalvanography. In order to render our description of this new and important invention complete, it is necessary that we sketch out briefly what has been done in this direction. Niepce's *heliographs*, as they were amongst the earliest photographic efforts, claim our first attention. Bitumen of Judea, in some cases softened by combination with a little of the essential oil of lavender, was spread uniformly over a plate of metal, which was then warmed, so

that the essential oil evaporating, a very smooth surface of resin covered the plate. The object which we desired to copy was placed upon this prepared plate in an ordinary copying frame, and it was exposed to the sunshine, or the sensitive plate was placed in the camera-obscura until the images of external objects were impressed upon it. On account of the slowness with which the change takes place on the resin, several hours exposure in the camera-obscura were required, and hence, from the alteration of the shadows during this prolonged period, the pictures were defective.

By exposing this bitumen, or any resinous surface to the action of the solar rays, it is rendered more or less soluble, according to the character of the agent employed. If, therefore, after exposure, the heliographic plate is subjected to the action of a solvent, one portion will be removed, while the other part will remain untouched. The resulting picture is therefore produced by the contrast between the resinous surface, and the metallic plate, from which the resin has been removed. It will be evident to all that the result thus obtained is, in fact, that of an ordinary etching surface, except that the resin has been removed by the action of the solar rays, and a solvent, instead of by the etching needle. If an acid is now poured upon the metal plate, it bites into the metal, and the result is an etching from which prints can be taken. The great defect of those productions was, that the high lights and the deep shadows were alone represented. In the experiments which have been made within the last few years, these defects have not been overcome. Some results obtained upon lithographic stones, through the medium of this process, have been of greater promise. M. Lemaitre has done much towards improving the etching process of Niepce; but owing to the imperfections already indicated, it has not yet been successfully applied to any useful end.

The Daguerreotype picture is produced by the deposit of mercurial vapour, which combines with the silver, and the polished surface of the silver surface itself. As the electro-chemical relations of these two metals are dissimilar, it was thought that the Daguerreotype plate could be etched by the agency of the voltaic battery. Dr. Berres, of Vienna, M. Fizeau, in France, and Mr. Grove, in England, succeeded, either by direct chemical action, or by electro-chemical processes, in engraving these plates, and in many examples the details were preserved in a very charming manner. Mr. Claudet was very successful in engraving the Daguerreotype picture by a modification of the process of M. Fizeau. We have now before us some copies printed from those plates, consisting of images of anatomical preparations, of portraits, and representations of statues, which are curious examples of the perfection obtained at a very early period in this art.

The next step in progress was the process patented by Mr. Talbot in 1853. This process consisted in spreading upon a steel plate a solution of isinglass or gelatine, in which had been previously dissolved some bichromate of potash. The plate being dried by warmth sufficient to coagulate the gelatine, the object to be copied is placed upon this tablet in the copying frame, and then exposed to sunshine. A curious change takes place during this exposure; one equivalent of chromic acid is liberated from the potash, and this combining with the gelatine, it is rendered insoluble. After exposure, the plate is placed in water, and all those parts which were protected from the action of the solar rays are dissolved out. The picture is now formed by the yellow brown combination, of the gelatine and chromic acid, and the steel from which the coating has been removed. There is much of interest in this

* See "Pictorial Half-hours," vol. i. p. 54.

stage of the process; and the author says, "If the plate is examined in this state, it appears coated with gelatine of a yellowish brown colour, and impressed with a white photographic image, which is often eminently beautiful, owing to the circumstance of its being raised above the level of the plate by the action of the water. Thus, for instance, the image of a piece of black lace looks like a real piece of very delicate white lace of a similar pattern, closely adhering to, but plainly raised above the brown and polished surface of the plate, which serves to display it very beautifully. At other times the white image of an object offers a varying display of light, when examined by the light of a single candle, which indicates a peculiar molecular arrangement in the particles of gelatine. These photographic images are often so beautiful that the operator feels almost reluctant to destroy them by continuing the process for engraving the plate."

The subsequent engraving process is essentially an etching operation. Bichloride of platinum, diluted with water, is poured over the plate, and as the gelatine exists in different degrees of thickness over its surface, the action is first established through the thinner films. The acid bites into the steel, and, by carefully watching the result, a very pleasing engraving on the steel may be obtained, which prints well. Fern leaves, grasses, pieces of lace, and objects of a like description, may be copied in a very pleasing manner by this process of Mr. Talbot. It is but justice to Mr. Mungo Ponton to state that that gentleman, in 1838, first directed attention to the peculiar changes which the bichromate of potash undergoes when it is exposed, in connection with organic matter, to the action of the solar rays. Subsequently, the writer of the present paper, in 1843, used this salt, combined with the sulphate of copper and nitrate of silver, in the production of positive pictures by one process—this process is known as the *chromotype*.

We must now advance to an examination of Mr. Pretsch's process. It will be evident in what respect it resembles, and in what it differs from the inventions we have already described. A plate of glass is thoroughly well cleaned. A quantity of glue is dissolved, and three different solutions are made, which we will number respectively:—1. nitrate of silver; 2. iodide of potassium; 3. bichromate of potash. To each of these some of the glue is added; the largest portion to the solution No. 3, then No. 2 is added to No. 3, and both solutions mixed together. The previously yellow solution becomes a fine red, from the formation of chromate of silver, which is held in suspension. Solution No. 2 is now added to the mixture of 1 and 3; the mixture loses colour slightly, but it still remains of a fine red colour. This mixture, which involves some very curious chemical phenomena, is poured over the glass plate, and by skilful manipulation, a perfectly uniform film of a red colour is produced. This part of the process is performed in a room illuminated with yellow light, and maintained at a tolerably high temperature. When solidified, the plate is fit for use. A photographic view, a portrait, or an ordinary engraving is placed upon the gelatine tablet, this arrangement is fixed in the copying frame, and duly exposed to the solar rays. In the course of a short time all the exposed parts blacken to a fine brown, and the lines beneath the superposed photograph or print are darkened or preserved from change, as the case may be, until eventually a copy is obtained the reverse of the original. All the dark lines, or portions of a print or of a photograph remain unchanged, all the light lines or portions darken—the degree of darkening being determined by the relative transparency of the several parts.

The glass plate is, at the proper time, taken from the copying frame and plunged into water. The picture is now perceived to be gradually developing itself with extraordinary beauty. All the unchanged portions of the plate are rapidly dissolved off, and consequently the picture is produced not merely by differences in the colour of the surface, but by variations in the thickness, corresponding with the amount of actinic action which has taken place during the exposure of the plate.

When the proper effect is obtained the process is stopped, the surface is dried off with blotting paper, and the plate preserved for the subsequent manipulation. It will be understood that the chromic acid of the bichromate of potash at the moment of separating from that salt, when the actinic change is effected, combines with the gelatine, and renders it insoluble. Hence in the picture we have several thicknesses of the gelatine film, representing the high lights, the middle tones, and the deep shadows, with all the beautiful gradations between these which are obtained in a highly-finished collodion photograph.

This constitutes the photographic part of the process of Mr. Pretsch, the remainder of the manipulation being the preparation for, and the carrying out of, the electro-chemical preparation of the copper plate from which the photogalvanographs are to be printed. The photograph being placed upon a firm bed, a sheet of elastic gutta percha is spread over it, and subjected to some pressure; this receives a very perfect impression of the picture, all the lines, howsoever delicate, being faithfully preserved. When this hardens, its surface is prepared so as to render it conducting, and it is then subjected to the ordinary electrolytic process; being placed in a cell filled with sulphate of copper, and connected with a plate of zinc in a porous cell excited with dilute sulphuric acid. Thus a sheet of fine copper is precipitated upon the mould, and a plate, the reverse of the mould, is obtained. It will be evident to our readers that we are thus enabled to obtain either a raised image or an engraved impression. At present, the processes for printing from plates *in relief* are not sufficiently perfect, but the prints taken from the engraved plates are in a very perfect condition. In these, for the first time, we see all the minute details represented, with the half-tones as finely given as the high lights or the shadows.

In the establishment at Holloway, arrangements are made for carrying out Mr. Paul Pretsch's patent commercially upon a large scale; and from the specimens we have examined, we are satisfied that the productions of the camera-obscura must soon be commonly employed for all purposes of illustration.

We have heard much of the fading of photographs; we have repeatedly stated our conviction, the result of upwards of sixteen years' experience, that photographic pictures need not necessarily fade. Where they do fade—and we know that some of the finest works which have been produced have rapidly perished, or are perishing—it is due to imperfect manipulation. Much of the deterioration is due to the practice, as it is called, of *toning*. By this practice agents are introduced into the paper which act slowly but surely upon the silver of the photograph, and eventually effect the destructive change. Every condition of tone can be produced without any of these *toning* agents, by the use of different chlorides in the preparation of the paper upon which the positive print is obtained. Photogalvanography, however, relieves us from the risk of possessing fading pictures. Here we have pictures possessing in the highest degree the perfection of the original photograph, and the permanence of a copper-plate print.

R. HUNT.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

MARY ANOINTING THE FEET OF CHRIST.

P. P. Rubens, Painter. W. Grealbach, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 3 in.

RUBENS, among all the painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools, was undoubtedly the most consistent exponent of Christian Art. By the term "consistent" is meant that his conceptions are most in unison with those lofty and holy feelings which should always be found in everything connected with sacred subjects. None of the works of Rembrandt, Van-dyck, Jordaens, or any other painter of these schools, approach in religious sentiment the compositions of Rubens. And yet how far is he behind the great artists of Italy!—Guido, Carlo Dolce, Paul Veronese, Raffaele, the Caracci, and the host of stars of lesser magnitude: even his visit to their country, and the study of their works, in Venice especially, had but little effect on his style in the particular referred to. The truth is, the mind of the great Flemish painter wanted the repose necessary to qualify him for the task of an illustrator of the facts narrated in New Testament history: it was too active, too energetic, too full of movement, to express the tranquil and devotional sentiments which harmonise with all one reads of in the lives and actions of Christ and his immediate disciples—of too exuberant and florid a character to be restrained within such limits as can only be legitimately assigned to such subjects. In all the Italian painters, distinct as they are from each other in style and manner of treatment, there is a uniformity of feeling which seems to unite them together. In the works of Rubens we are captivated by the richness of his conceptions, the vigour of his drawing, and the brilliancy of his colouring—these all speak to our senses in the most powerful language; but we turn from looking at one of his pictures—we are speaking of his scriptural subjects only—with an ardent wish that the fire of his genius had been chastened by the devotional feeling visible in the Italian painters. Even in the noble picture of the "Descent from the Cross," in the Cathedral of Antwerp,—perhaps the most sublime and affecting subject presented in the whole range of scripture history,—there is comparatively little to elevate the thoughts to the solemn dignity of the scene portrayed: the masterly grouping of the figures cannot be surpassed; the grandeur of the conception, the powerful execution, and the richness of the colouring, unite to excite our admiration; but the heart of the spectator is not stirred into reverential awe, nor will a tear of pity be wrung from his eyes by any amount of pathos he will find therein.

The genius of Rubens, it has been correctly said, "was adapted to the grandest compositions; and his powers appear to have expended themselves in proportion to the scale on which they were called upon to act. He did not, like Raffaele, possess that mild inspiration of sentiment which manifests itself in the graceful and beautiful, but he was animated with that poetic fire that displays itself in effects, which astonish and surprise. His most abundant compositions seem to have been produced without effort, and creation appears to have been an operation of his will."

His picture of "Mary anointing the Feet of Christ," in the collection at Windsor Castle, is a sketch—executed in bistre, or some colour of a similar tint—for the large painting in the Imperial Gallery at St. Petersburg. "It is conceived," says Mrs. Jameson, "with that dramatic power, and touched with that vigour and ease, which characterise Rubens when he painted from out of his own soul and fancy." On these points there cannot be a second opinion; but at the same time it manifests in a high degree what we cannot but consider the defects of this great painter. Life and action seem here out of place altogether: the act of Mary is of solemn import, and must have been witnessed by the disciples with wonder, awe, and silent admiration, and yet life and action are displayed to an extent almost painful to the eye—even the draperies seem in motion, in the multiplicity of their folds and the tortuous motion in which they are disposed; still the arrangement of the whole group is most masterly, and the general effect rich almost to a fault.



W. GREATBACH. SCULPT.

MARY ANOINTING THE FEET OF CHRIST.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

F. P. HUBBINS. PRINT.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

AS A TEACHER OF ART AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

PART I.

It is our purpose to describe in the *Art-Journal* a series of ILLUSTRATED VISITS to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; undertaken with a view to draw more general attention to the many remarkable features in which it abounds, in order that the educational advantages offered by this institution, beyond the attractions of a mere "London sight" (in that respect alone unrivalled), may be more fully recognised and appreciated.

We are induced to this notice principally from the fact that, although to a large extent popular, still it has not hitherto met with that cordial, steady, and general support which its purpose merits, and which can alone adequately remunerate the immense cost of its establishment. The resources of the Crystal Palace present the means of aiding educational progress without a parallel in this country, and every inducement should be held out to encourage the operative classes to select its locality for the enjoyment of the periodical holidays which national custom has established; while to those more favoured in circumstances we may recommend a frequent attendance as a source of intellectual gratification and improvement. Its influence cannot but have a most beneficial tendency; the association, even by uncultured minds, with such examples of Nature and Art as there arrest the eye at every step, insensibly induces a spirit of emulative action. The suggestions

afforded by the various objects, both in regard to the tasteful arrangement of natural productions, as well as in their separate features in combination with works of Art,—suggestions which, to a considerable extent, are easy of adaptation to the refinements of ordinary homes,—are such as will gradually but surely attest the value of their lessons.

Intuitive taste is not altogether of rare occurrence among the humbler classes, and it arouses a grateful feeling to witness its evidence, however simple the manifestations. The homely porch becomes an espalier upon which the woodbine, rose, and honeysuckle, trailed to tasteful growth, bloom with a luxuriance and grace that palatial gardens seldom rival. The advantages which have been almost exclusively those pertaining to a rural population are now offered to the inhabitants of our crowded metropolis, and we are sanguine that their enjoyment will eventually exercise a marked and hopeful influence upon the national character. For it is worthy of remark, that the feeling excited by contact with the beauties of Nature and Art generates a propriety of demeanour in itself of an improving tendency.

We cannot adduce a more forcible and conclusive illustration of this assertion than by reference to the orderly conduct of the people, even when congregated in crowds in our public exhibitions and parks. A few years since, such a result would have been doubted, if not denied; and the fact pleads strongly for a more general extension of such humanising influences as these attractions give rise to.

Moreover, it is worthy of especial note as a peculiarity of this institution—the opportunity it affords to ladies of enjoying intellectual amusement in such

a manner as is compatible with the requirements of the most unexceptionable taste. In this respect the Crystal Palace stands alone. A day may be pleasantly and profitably spent there without the risk of subjection to a single casualty that might interrupt its enjoyment or mar its retrospect; ladies may at all times visit this establishment unaccompanied by "protectors."

We have frequently heard expressions of regret that the portions of the Exhibition which are essentially of the highest character, are those which are least appreciated. But this, we submit, is a very natural result of an experiment so novel and elevated in its aim. The majority visit it as a show—a show on a grand scale it is true, but omit to accept it as A SCHOOL: and yet in the latter capacity is its chief utility and its highest purpose. Still there is a large and increasing minority who are becoming alive to the value of the educational advancement which the material compressed within the exhibition range of the Crystal Palace is capable of forwarding; and we are most anxious to assist in further demonstrating the value of its resources, not only in their intellectual ministration to the pleasures of the public at large, but especially to that portion of the industrial classes whose labour is in any degree connected with, and influenced by, Art-knowledge. To the MANUFACTURER, and DESIGNER in connection with MANUFACTURES, it opens a field of suggestive study as useful and essential as it has hitherto been unattainable. The examples of decorative ornament in various styles exemplified in the Art-Courts are invaluable as references and guides to the artist in adapting established principles to modern applications. There



THE CERAMIC COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE.

is now no excuse for the anachronisms which have formed so marked and melancholy a feature in the bulk of English Art-manufacture. Ignorance on this ground is now absolutely wilful, and therefore culpable. Not only are the best examples in the various distinctive styles of ornament separately classified, but distinguished as to the period of their execution, and the localities from which they were taken. Permission to sketch from any of the examples is, we believe, readily given upon application to the Secretary.

Unprecedentedly rich in all the elements which are

essential to success, we are sanguine that with judicious direction this will be permanently secured. But we must remark, at the outset, that no course should be adopted, however it may recommend itself by a temporary addition to the finances of the establishment, if the ultimate effect may be derogatory to its character. The permanent interests, even in a commercial view, are jeopardised by such expedients, which are as short-sighted as they are fallacious.

We would advocate the maintenance of such a character for the Crystal Palace as should eventually secure its adoption by the nation, should circum-

stances render such a course necessary or advisable. A grant for such a purpose would be both popular and judicious, and will probably be its final destiny: let it preserve a position worthy of such a conclusion.

This can only be done by realising the high aims which, upon its foundation, were claimed as its basis, and urged as motives for its support. It was to contain a selected epitome of the most noted marvels of Science, Art, and Manufacture. The matchless site, and accompanying requisites of space and other appliances, offered facilities for the deve-

lopment of natural beauties on a scale of surpassing magnitude and splendour.

To a very considerable extent, and in some of the most important and difficult portions of the task



JEWEL VASE.

these promises have been realised: failure has followed almost entirely where success was most easily obtainable.

From the special nature of our work, we are restricted—except in general and cursory remarks—to the consideration and illustration of those portions of the Exhibition which refer directly to Art and Art-manufacture of a purely ornamental character.

The taste and judgment demonstrated in the selection of the Art-exemplifications furnished by the decorations of the various Courts, and which crowd every part of the building available to their fitting display, are of a high order; and the enterprise and energy employed in the collection of such a mass of material, in many instances unique, are deserving of all commendation.

It is almost superfluous to allude to the perfect disposition and arrangement of the floricultural department of the Palace and Park, or to do more than refer to the grandeur of the water-works,—in these respects alone, independently of the novel beauty of the structure, it stands a proud evidence of the skill and taste of Sir Joseph Paxton.

Here is a success—probably in some minor details qualified, but still a positive if not a complete success. Herein lay the essential and unavoidable difficulties, and they have been overcome. Failure ensues where it might have been least anticipated, and where it seems by want of ordinary judgment to have been provoked.

As a medium for the illustration of manufactures, especially those in connection with Art, the Palace presented advantages altogether unparalleled. A building with almost unlimited capacity to receive, and unexampled facilities for exhibiting, industrial products, combined with attractions that necessarily insured a large publicity, presented a desideratum at once apparent and admitted. Unfortunately, its commercial aspect alone was estimated, and the consequence was that, presuming upon what has since proved an exaggerated value, so high a demand was made for exhibitiv space that the highest class of manufacturers, with few exceptions,—those whose works would have formed attractive and worthy features in the programme,—withdrew from all co-operation, and left its occupancy to those who, deciding to accept terms so highly rated, did so with the determination to seek a return for their investment by any means which their commercial interests might require; and these naturally were of such a charac-

ter as to inflict a serious and lasting injury upon the best interests of the institution.

The question of "rental" for exhibitiv space has hitherto been a fatal one to the management of the



PASTORAL VASE.

Crystal Palace; and for this reason, and knowing how much the position and success of the scheme depend upon its judicious settlement, we devote more time to its consideration than we should otherwise deem necessary; for though past experience has inculcated some useful lessons on this point, still it appears to have enforced but a qualification, instead of an abrogation, of the old, unwise principle.



GROUP OF PORCELAIN, OF SEVRES, DRESDEN, ETC.

The amount of rent paid will always be in an inverse ratio to the value of the works exhibited, and the status of the exhibitor. No manufacturer of eminence, whose productions are costly, and of

a merit placing them beyond the demands of ordinary trade requirements, will be content to pay largely, if at all, for the admission of a class of works whose exhibition must form an attractive and

elevating addition to the materiel of the Crystal Palace.

It is on this ground that we advocate the abolition of all claims for space in the principal courts erected

for the reception of special branches of manufacture, and the substitution of a system determining the qualification of "exhibits,"—so as to secure such works as shall be in themselves either individually or collectively a source of remunerative attraction. Certainly all direct trading should be confined to the galleries, where no possible objection would be made to its operations.

The Industrial Courts might then be devoted to the purposes for which they were erected; and upon such a system as we advise would, without doubt, be gladly accepted by the trades as a PERMANENT LOCALITY for their illustration.

This arrangement effected, we would recommend every manufacturing town of established importance, and every town whose industrial efforts are working out a prospective fame, to have its staple trade fully and adequately represented in the Crystal Palace. This task should not be treated with indifference, or left to the individual enterprise and judgment of one or two persons interested in the trade; but should be incurred as a responsible duty by a local committee, formed in the town, and acting for the general body, whose interests it should represent.

Whatever objections might have been in times past urged against the practicability of such a plan, they will not, we believe, now apply. The petty spirit of trade jealousy is gradually weakening with the increased intelligence of the commercial world,

and it is felt that the interests of one are the interests of all.

It is impossible that one or two manufacturers, however eminent their position and admirable their productions, can efficiently and comprehensively represent the capabilities and resources of any trade which presents varied fields of action.

Our impression is, that eventually the special branches of all important manufactures will each absorb the capital and energies of separate producers; and the result will be such a development of mental application, and such a perfection of manipulative facility, as is altogether unattainable and hopeless, while the attention is divided amongst a variety of claims.

We might, in corroboration of our assertion, cite instances of branches of manufacture, but a short time since considered of secondary and minor importance amidst the prominent demands of more established trade sources, which, when separated and worked apart, have, by a concentration of mind and action, grown to significant and engrossing specialities.

Manufactures of the national importance of Man-

chester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, the potteries of Staffordshire, Worcester, Coalport, &c., &c., should be represented by separate and complete groups of illustrations, selected by local committees in each district, duly qualified to estimate the merit and extent of its productions. Such an arrangement could not fail to have an important influence on the trade of those towns, more especially in connection with their foreign commissions. Scarcely any foreigner of distinction, either in rank or commerce, but would have his attention arrested by such a display in a locality which attracts all.

We have frequently had occasion to remark that British manufacturers, when they produce meritorious works, find it extremely difficult to have such works appreciated, *merely because they cannot be seen*. It is a leading feature of the *Art-Journal* to engrave, as well as to describe, productions which the producer desires to place before the public,—not alone that their value may be understood, but that, by elevating the general character of the manufacturer, the requisite recompense of his labour may ensue.

But although we do much in this way, and very materially advance Art-manufacture by our frequent reports of progress, our means are necessarily limited. Some place was needed where a large collection of improved productions might be examined. This want is now supplied by the Crystal Palace, under the best possible circumstances: they are daily ex-



THE SHAKSPERE SERVICE OF MESSRS. KERR AND BINNS.

hibited to the wealthiest and most intelligent classes; may be seen at leisure; may be purchased, or duplicates ordered; and an estimate can be formed of the capabilities of the manufacturer to produce works more varied or more common than those he here exhibits. In short, those who have "wants" may be here led to consider how their requirements can be best supplied. We desire to see the Crystal Palace converted into a huge "pattern-room," so to speak, where every good producer of Great Britain shall have place and space; and believe that thus the highest duty of the Directors will be fulfilled, and the interest of manufacturers be best promoted.

With these general remarks and suggestions, we proceed to report upon the special objects we have selected for illustration and comment. And we commence with THE CERAMIC COURT, now in progress—as it not only embodies the principle with regard to the admission of its "exhibits," which we advocate for general adoption, but also most satisfactorily attests the success of an experiment. For this Court

is to be regarded as an experiment; if an admitted success, it will certainly be followed to a large extent; and that it will be successful is, we think, proved beyond a doubt—successful as a school, as an exhibition, and as an advertisement (using the word in its higher sense) for the exhibitors.

The Directors have been singularly fortunate in obtaining the assistance of a gentleman admirably qualified for the task: they have placed this Court entirely under the control of Mr. THOMAS BATTAM, who for many years superintended the Art departments of the works of Mr. Alderman Copeland, at Stoke-upon-Trent. No one in England has had larger experience in all that appertains to Ceramic Art: he is learned in its history and intimately acquainted with its practical details, entirely independent of any special interest, and entitled to and receiving the confidence of all British producers. It will be seen also that he is powerfully aided by "collectors," whose stores have been placed at his disposal. The result is, consequently, a very great

success; but although Mr. Battam's advantages for this post have been many and great, we do not doubt that the Directors of the Crystal Palace may obtain equally beneficial co-operation in reference to the other branches of Art-manufacture which they design to honour and to represent.

In this part of our Journal then, we shall confine ourselves to THE CERAMIC COURT, treating, in succession, THE OTHER COURTS OF ART-MANUFACTURE.

With Mr. Battam, as we have intimated, originated the proposal to form a Ceramic Court, which should contain an historical collection of pottery, from the earliest ages to the present; it is under his direction, and by him the examples have been selected and arranged.

No work is admitted but what, in regard to ancient and foreign manufacture, is interesting as illustrating the beauty or peculiarity of a special style; and, as regards modern manufacture, no work will be received for exhibition but what is of the highest excellence. This was promised at the announcement

of the project; and this promise, as far as at present developed, is entirely and faithfully realised.

Whilst looking at the marvellous beauty of the various works which adorn the collection, the real that has linked so many names of historical eminence with the early prosecution of the labours connected with this Art, is fully justified and explained. Its operations are "specialised" by the repeated similes which Holy Writ furnishes as suggested by their observance—operations which in some instances remain to this day practised in modern manufacture with but little modification. Indeed, were it possible to resuscitate the mummy of an Egyptian Thrower, he could readily find lucrative employment at our Minton's and Copeland's—the lapse of more than three thousand years having left unchanged the manipulative process of his handicraft.

As we have in a previous number of the *Art-*



Journal detailed the system upon which the Ceramic Court is based, and the object its completion is intended to effect, we shall proceed to describe some of the principal examples, and continue this illustra-



tion from time to time, selecting specimens the most perfect and interesting, both ancient and modern, of English and foreign manufacture.

To the Hon. GENERAL EDWARD LYGON, the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and the public generally, are deeply indebted for the liberal spirit which prompted him to permit the exhibition of a costly and large assortment of specimens from his famous collection. It was a noble act, and will, we are confident, in its results be gratifying to him. To manufacturers engaged in this branch of Art it must be especially interesting, and its examination highly suggestive and useful.

The excellence and beauty of these works fully account for the almost fabulous prices realised for such articles in recent sales—we have written "such articles;" but unfortunately the prestige and value

which virtually belong to works of such rarity are, through want of judgment and the mania of the day, extended to a class comparatively worthless.

The figure-painting on the productions of Sèvres and Vienna, the jewelled ware and portraiture of Sèvres, are marvellous both in their richness of colour, elaboration of finish, and brilliancy of glaze. It seems a matter of regret that in many instances such exquisite gems should decorate articles of mere ordinary utility. To put them to the uses which their forms denote would be an act of desecration.

We have selected for illustration from this valuable and beautiful collection a jewelled vase of great richness, and exceedingly good in form; a vase, also of Sèvres, the principal feature of which is a pastoral subject, extending over its circumference, representing a Bacchanalian procession, the groups on which are worthy of Poussin. The variety and grace of these, together with the brilliancy of the colouring, are of the highest class of Art.

We have also a group representing a jewelled cup, and vase with portrait, of Sèvres, together with a chalice of Limoges enamel, mounted in gold. All these are of the rarest excellence; indeed, judging from the uniform merit of the specimens which, by General Lygon's liberal kindness, Mr. Battam has selected, we can form a very high estimate of the judgment and taste of the collector.

Of the modern works, we have selected for engraving in the present number a group from the Shakspeare Dessert Service, from the Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester, under the spirited proprietorship of Messrs. KERR and BINNS. This work is executed by a combination of parian and porcelain; the figures being in the former material, and the ornamental portion of the service in the latter. The junction of the two is very judiciously managed, so that the unity of the work is strictly preserved.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is the play selected for illustration, and is happily chosen—its character being light and ideal; and its *locale* being in classic Greece, suggests the adoption of those forms which have become the acknowledged perfection of Art. The service is of great extent, and its production must have been a labour involving a large expenditure of time, talent, and capital. Among the groups are those of the "Athenian mechanics rehearsing the lamentable comedy of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,'" "Sweet Bully Bottom and Wall," "Moonshine and Thisbe," "Quince and Flute," "Bottom with the ass's head and the Tinker," each of which forms a base to an elegantly-formed fruit-basket. The centre piece is entirely devoted to fairy ground; it is a fanciful construction, divided into three groups, illustrating the jealousy, revenge, and reconciliation, of Oberon and Titania. In arrangement, design, and decoration, the work presents claims to very high consideration; the individuality of character in the various figures is most admirably expressed.

The plates are decorated with medallions of Shakspeare, Melpomene, and Thalia, supported by Grecian chimera, embossed on the ware; the centre displays some classic symbols of Night—as Diana's head, the owl and torches, &c. &c., each centre being different. The borders on the verge of the plates are of an appropriate character, and varied.

A figure of Shakspeare is represented sleeping on a bank whilst in the act of planning his comedy; and the deification of the bard is illustrated by Fame. Two statuettes of Tragedy and Comedy also form portions of a work which, as a whole, we must pronounce to be highly creditable to the manufacturers, evidencing a spirit of taste and enterprise rarely equalled. The figures were designed and modelled by Mr. W. B. Kirk, an artist of unquestioned ability; and the forms and general arrangement of the decorative devices were designed by Mr. R. W. Binns, one of the proprietors. We shall refer to other works by this eminent firm in a future number.

We give also on this page a few of the translations of the ancient Etrurian vases contributed by Messrs. BATTAM and SON, and produced at their establishment in Gough Square. The class of work to which these examples refer may be ranked under the head of Reproductive Art. The historical, mythical, and domestic events which their illustration typifies, form vivid and instructive records of the manners and customs of the ancients. The date of these original productions extends from the second to the fifth century of the Christian era. The

diversity and elegance of their forms bear conclusive evidence of the grace and beauty with which a refined and cultivated intelligence can mould even the objects which minister to the humble and familiar purposes of household wants. These works have been imitated in nearly all the cities of the continent; but it is only just to Messrs. Battam and Son to say, we have never examined any of merit equal to theirs.

We have selected various examples from the collection of Messrs. Minton, Copeland, and other eminent firms, which are in the hands of our engravers; but the illustrations that immediately succeed will probably bear reference to the contents of one of the other Courts of Art-manufacture. This exhibition—that of THE CERAMIC COURT—though necessarily incomplete at present from the comprehensiveness of its grasp, and the short time as yet



devoted to its formation, is still of unrivalled excellence. Such a display has never before been presented to public inspection, and it is not too much to assert that to few will its examination be other than a



source of admiration and astonishment at the capabilities of a manufacture in many respects presenting features so startling and peculiar, and one in which England at the present time takes so high a rank.*

* In preparing these Engravings, we have derived much valuable assistance from the photographs of Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, whose establishment is in the Crystal Palace, and who are always at hand to execute any orders they may receive. Their works are of the best class; indeed, as specimens of photography, they are of rare excellence. This fact should be known to manufacturers; inasmuch as, by the aid of these gentlemen, they may at once obtain an accurate copy of an object, or part of an object, of which they desire to avail themselves for purposes of their Art. It would be well if every workman's atelier in our manufacturing districts were filled with photographs of ever useful "authorities;" and arrangements for such a supply might be made on "easy terms" with Messrs. Negretti and Zambra.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SCULPTURE.

In view of those new arrangements which at no distant period are destined to affect the lecture-halls and exhibition-rooms of the Royal Academy, it might seem needless here to throw away any large amount of remonstrance on the character and dimensions of that material dungeon to which, so far as regards the institution in question, the most spiritual of the Arts has been for many years consigned. When those arrangements shall be actually in progress, it will be the fault of the sculptor-academicians themselves if—numerically strong enough in the governing body for the purpose as they now are, and certain to be supported by the friends of Art in parliament and of the press—they fail to bestir themselves effectually for the redress of a wrong in which their body has too long acquiesced; and for this reason it is that a few words on the wrong itself should, nevertheless, not be deemed out of place. The injury to that branch of Art for which, to a certain extent, the sculptors of the Academy are trustees, has been of more kinds than one; and, if the Sculptor is, as we believe, the great spiritualist of Art, and the keeper of those canons to which its professors in other departments must again and again return for refreshment from the seductions of fancy, and recovery from the bewilderments of caprice, then the interests of which these academicians have charge extend far beyond what seem to be immediately their own. Of injury to themselves, the most direct and obvious form is that which presents itself in the impossibility of finding spaces from, or lights under, which the individual works of Sculpture can be viewed. All the accessories that help this form of Art, in its more imaginative displays, are disturbed by such a fact. On the floor of this dim sculpture den, the pale marble forms combine with each other, and with the living forms that vainly hover around them, in a way that defeats all Art intention, and substitutes for it a succession of epigrams. The familiar here inevitably jostles the transcendental, and unspiritualises it; the real so treads on the ideal as to disenchant it. The mischief produced on the material aspects of the works themselves is fortified by the mischief induced in the mind of the spectator. For abstraction there can, under such conditions, be no chance whatever. The sentiment proper to Art in the most transcendental of its forms takes flight at the very door of the temple. The aspect of the room inevitably lets down the elevated mood necessary for the appreciation of Sculpture to the inspiration of a china-shop. The *genius loci* amid such accidents has no room for the sole of his foot. The feeling—almost solemn, always serious—that breathes from the marble forms which the hand of genius has invested with the spirit of beauty, is disturbed by the mischievous associations of the place. Nor let it be supposed that a fact so seemingly extraneous and unessential as an unfavourable place of exhibition, if long continued and under authoritative sanction, will have no effect on the final destinies of the Art. Like most other things—and more than most other things, because of its highly sensitive nature—Art will reflect the accidents amid which it has to strive. All the penances to which it is exposed will show in the relaxation of its muscles and the maceration of its limbs. The growth of a national Sculpture will represent the sum of all the influences by which it is surrounded; and of all the forms of Art this one is likely to accommodate itself most sensibly to the dimensions and capacities of its visible tenement. At any rate, if the method of neglect to which we have alluded were not an original injury to the Sculptor himself,—as, in his highest manifestations, the greatest of Art-teachers,—it would still be a serious wrong to the people whom he has to teach. We call, therefore, on those who represent him within the walls of the Academy to look well to it, that in the apportionment of the new galleries which must ere long, in the same locality or elsewhere, replace the present inconvenient exhibition-rooms in Trafalgar Square, his future interests and those of the public—derived through him—shall be cared for after a fashion very different from that of the past and of the present.

Whoever the sculptor may be who has had the

arrangement of the present exhibition, appearances would seem to indicate that his zealous co-operation towards the better condition of things here enforced may be confidently reckoned on. It would appear to have been his deliberate object, in prospect of the coming changes, to give to the absurdity of the present accommodations such an emphasis as shall render anything approaching to a repetition of these impossible. More than ever does the floor of this preposterous cavern seem crowded with its marble population, and more unpromising than ever seems the enterprise of steering through the intricacies of its scattered groups—gliding safely round its dangerous corners, and passing into its narrow and mysterious recesses, that at once invite and repel, like the uncertainties of an Eastern tomb. The difficulty, and at the same time unfruitfulness, of this enterprise, the arranger has contrived to increase by withdrawing one half of the imperfect light which at any time found its way through the single window that looks upon this cellar-Olympus. The means by which this ingenuity is achieved is extremely simple—merely the device of raising the canvas screen to the entire height of the window in question: and the perfect success of the experiment we had the opportunity of proving in more than one unsuccessful attempt—during some of the gloomy days which at the opening of the Exhibition were favourable to the artist's design—to read the catalogue in almost any part of the room. Of course, under such a dispensation, it is not to be expected that the works should give any definite report of themselves; and we, who have by dint of patience and perseverance achieved such an acquaintance with them as was possible under the circumstances—who have waited for partial illuminations and followed on the track of straggling beams, to dodge round awkward projections and dive down questionable lanes—can state that, if an attempt to bring out this strong expression of the incapacities of the place could at any time be justifiably made with a view to a different future, the present year was not ill chosen for the purpose, as one in which it could be done with less of sacrifice than on many other occasions,—since, as an exhibition of national Sculpture, the one before us is, in some respects, more discouraging than any that we have had at the Royal Academy for several seasons past.

As this, in view of that onward progress in Art generally which is visible amongst us, is a startling circumstance, it is pleasant to be able to state that it is not by any means so significant as at first sight it seems. A further examination shows that the blame is due less to the sculptors themselves than to the influences amid which they work; that, in fact, the genius of Sculpture has been accommodating itself, after the common law, to the conditions of its lot. In the first place, let us observe, that the whole of the case as regards British Sculpture is not represented within the walls of the Academy. For a number of years past there has been a diminished eagerness on the part of some sculptors, and a growing reluctance on that of others, to exhibit their works amid a system of accidents which ensure an imperfect, or threaten a false, interpretation; and the exhibitions at the Royal Academy have, in consequence, been more or less affected by a diversion into other quarters from those items which contribute to make up the sum of the year's sculpture account. In as far, however, as the exhibition of the present year must be taken to represent the general condition of the Art, let us turn to the catalogue, and see if it furnishes any clue to this condition. Here we find that the works claiming to be considered as works of Sculpture, are one hundred and fifty-six in number; and of these, quite two thirds are portraits,—the very large majority belonging to that least satisfactory form of portrait, the bust. Now, admitting that in many of these busts the marble takes as much of the character of life as seems possible to the limited conditions of the class—that, exhibiting all the qualities which contribute to the perfection of that form of Art, they report, so far as the class can, most satisfactorily of the excellence of the school to which they belong; yet, let us ask, what high things are to be expected of a school thus habitually exercised? The sculptor—who has to live by his art—can pipe only to those tunes which will be danced to,—and if the public have no love for transcendental Art-music, all that it can expect from him is, that he shall be a master of his instrument even when he applies it to com-

mon themes. It is very obvious, however, that by such themes the highest capabilities of the instrument can never be brought out. If the talent of the great majority of English sculptors be driven by the set of the current too far and too long into the stream of portraiture, it will be difficult for the artist to struggle back into the fields where, of old, the Greek found and embodied the Immortals. Fancy, the most transcendental of the Arts degraded to the merely mechanical office of the tenth transmission of faces, foolish or otherwise,—too often of faces which an art whose first principle is eclecticism would shun as its natural death! This steady settlement of the spiritual Muse towards low contemplations must unspiritualise her: the habit, carried too far, of working from such ordinary models (where they are nothing worse) will leave an influence upon Art, which an occasional return to the fountains of beauty will be powerless to counteract. Even where the living subjects copied belong to the better types which humanity can supply, still, there can be no doubt, that this continued practice of the mere materiality of Art, this constant modelling of cheeks and noses,—where, even in the best instances, the consummate hand does all, and the poetical heart nothing, where loftiness of conception, tenderness of thought, and the sentiment of beauty, are all faculties unemployed,—must have a tendency to deaden the sensibilities and narrow the powers of the Sculptor. His very success in this department is one to which his art itself was not a motive, and to which its spiritualities have made no contribution.

From that minority of the works in the present Exhibition, in which the poetry of the Art has been attempted, we gather the same report,—favourable to the Sculptor himself, but denunciatory of the conditions amid which he works. All the qualities of the Art short of the highest—but without the highest, be it observed, the true Artist should consider all the rest as nothing—have for years past proclaimed themselves in the practice of the English Sculptor:—excellent modelling, clear intelligence of the capabilities and limits of the Art, consummate workmanship, and on his own part sufficient evidence of a leaning towards the abstract and imaginative, amid all the outward discouragements by which that leaning is repressed. Year after year (we speak, of course, generally, for there have been many exceptions), he has exhibited less of extravagance, and a nearer return to that pure school which has the old Greek canons for its guides. A simpler style of Art, and a more careful manipulation, have to a large extent replaced the allegorical puerilities and florid exaggerations of his predecessors; and the Sculptor has been gradually learning to admit that the history and poetry of his own land may furnish the materials of Art in its highest expressions; and that to go to the Greek (generally, for there are the exceptions of those rare and beautiful abstractions, like *Psyche*, which the poetry of every nation has taken into its heart) for his themes, while in search of his principles, is exactly to miss the latter at the same time that the appeal to the English heart is missed. In a word, the technicalities of the Art have been steadily perfecting, its sounder principles spreading, and its language consummating. Here, then, we have the Sculptor so far, as becomes his mission, leading that forward move in Art which is announced by many signs, and which cannot leave him behind because it cannot complete its work without him. Here we have him at that point of progressive Art when the full growth of its capacities may be said to have been attained, and he is ready in his matured strength for loftier efforts *when they shall be required of him*—waiting, in fact, for that appreciation of its higher aspirations which (apart from the material rewards that it includes) is the element on which genius lives. Here we have him, furnished, and waiting for the PATRON by whose means alone can be kept fed and burning the crucible which is to transmute all these qualities into the fine gold of the highest Art; and the unsatisfactory aspect of this present exhibition is accounted for by the fact that neither in the public, nor in the government which should replace it, has that Patron yet been found by the Sculptor. We could say much on these heads: both as to the character of the shortcomings on the part of the English Sculptor, and as to the manner and degree in which they are traceable

to the neglect which he has met with from the authorities at home—where that neglect has not been substituted for injurious treatment. If the English Sculptor be not a prophet in his own country, it is the country's fault, not the English Sculptor's. But we shall have, and mean to take, other opportunities of urging these matters on the attention of the public, and, if possible, of those in high places who are responsible to the public in this matter; and, meantime, we must content ourselves with a few short remarks on such of the individual works of Sculpture in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy as seem to call for it.

We are in the month of June, and a month is really a gain both to the visitor and the sculptor, for the outline of some of these works—the most remote from the window—which were invisible in May, can in June be faintly traced, with the assistance of a light distributed by a balloon-blind, which booms into the cellar like the well-filled foresail of an American clipper.* We recognise in the sites of honour two busts of the Queen, one by the BARON MAROCHETTI, the other by DURHAM. It is painful to contemplate the former work, and the only relief experienced by the spectator is that he knows not the destination of the bust. The visitor might presume that it was intended as a portrait of some member of the Royal Family, although it is characterised by resemblance to no member of it. It is a "pretty" work, and that is all. The second is a most graceful production; on the head is worn a tiara, and the drapery of the bust is a composition of much elegance. No. 1223, 'The Pet Bird, or Killed with Kindness,' E. H. BAILY, R.A., is a small statue of a child caressing a bird to death; and No. 1224, 'The First Thorn in Life,' P. MACDOWELL, R.A., is a group of two children, a boy and girl, the latter extracting a thorn from the foot of the other; the expression of the boy is strikingly natural, and the incident is altogether set forth with impressive truth. No. 1225, 'Sabrina,' H. CARDWELL, has a head too antique for a subject from modern poetry. The distinctions observed by the Greeks themselves should never be forgotten. She has not yet responded to the invocation to listen, but is still braiding her "amber dropping hair," with a disposition of the arms remarkably graceful. No. 1226, 'The Prisoner of Love,' G. FONTANA, is by no means a happy title, nor is the idea felicitously rendered—being realised by a female figure disconsolately seated, having her hands bound with a wreath of flowers; there is some beautiful modelling in the figure. No. 1227, J. S. WESTMACOTT, is a subject from "Lalla Rookh"—

"One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;"

we have accordingly a figure of the size of life, winged and semi-draped, standing in a pose of relief, with the right foot raised, and resting both hands on the thigh; the sentiment is amply and elegantly interpreted. In No. 1228, a 'Statue of a Nymph Surprised,' E. G. PAPWORTH, the lower limbs strike the observer at once as somewhat heavy; the nymph is seated, and the point of the subject is the surprise occasioned by a bird of prey having borne down to her feet a smaller bird, which it has seized. No. 1229, 'Venus and Cupid,' B. E. SPENCE, is a group of much beauty, and a subject in which the artist has felt that he dared not be original, and therefore reminds us of some of the most beautiful statues that remain to us—relics of the "Rhodian Art." Venus holds up a butterfly, which Cupid is all anxiety to obtain; in the extremities, and in every passage of the figures we recognise the antique. No. 1230, 'Titania,' J. LAWLER, is a charming work, and pronouncedly an essay in modern poetry; she is active in thought, and the modelling of the limbs is ex-

* Of the Catalogue a few words. We intended last month to have made an observation on this subject, but in the pressure of other things it was forgotten. To go no farther than the sculpture, when we find such errors as No. 1240, 'Igeria,' and a little farther on such Latin as 'Dulce violentem Lalagen,' we may well ask again, as we have inquired before, "if there is nobody in the Academy who can correct a proof of the Catalogue?" We have been working with a first edition of the Catalogue—those and the many other innumerable errors may have been charitably corrected in subsequent editions: it is, however, altogether inadmissible to say that a first edition of the Academy Catalogue cannot be correct—the Academy are masters of their own occasions, and respond to neither pressure from above nor below; and we submit that if there really be any one who can revise the Catalogue, that it should appear, even its first edition, faultless.

pressive of the warmth of life. No. 1231, 'A model for a bronze statue of the late Earl of Belfast, erected to his memory by the inhabitants of Belfast, and inaugurated by the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1855,' P. MACDOWELL, R.A., is an erect figure treated with a loose drapery, but without allusion in anywise to classic form, being disposed with reference rather to modern taste. It is a fine example of pure Art; but as we shall have much to say on the subject ere long (having prepared an engraving of it), we postpone our remarks. No. 1232 is 'Angelica,' from "Ariosto," J. BELL; she is bound to a rock near the sea, to be devoured by a sea-monster, but is delivered by Ruggiero; the subject is dealt with in a manner extremely simple, being interpreted by a nude figure having the hands bound behind. The story of Angelica is not so well known as that of Andromeda; the impersonation will, therefore, most commonly be presumed to represent Andromeda, the daughter of Cassiope, more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. The same number, with an asterisk, stands against 'Imogen Asleep,' W. C. MARSHALL, R.A.—

"To your protection I commend me, Gods!
From the fairies and the tempters of the night,
Guard me—beseech you."

This is a small figure extended, according to the title, and covered with an elegant arrangement of drapery. It is altogether a chaste and carefully studied work; but in sculpture all recumbent figures have the disadvantage of suggesting monumental designs. It may be said that a difference is markedly maintained, but this is not always the case; any recumbent figure in a holy sanctuary becomes a monument, while the same in a sculpture-gallery is a sleeping figure. No. 1233, 'Queen Boadicea inciting the Britons to avenge the loss of their liberty, and the wrongs inflicted upon her children and herself,' J. THOMAS, is an upright heroic figure, which can be intended to impersonate no other historical character than Boadicea, who is here raising on high her sword, and calling down on the Romans all heavenly and earthly vengeance. Her daughters are intended to assist the narrative, one cowering on each side; but these figures are too little seen, and perhaps fall into a pose too identical. No. 1234 is a 'Group of Enphrosyne and Cupid,' by E. B. STEPHENS; and No. 1235, 'Charity,' T. AMBUCHI, consists of one principal female impersonation, with subordinate infant figures; but in the modelling of the group there is generally much poverty of form. No. 1236, by G. G. ADAMS, is a recumbent figure of a little girl, intended, we may suppose, for a monument, as to the number is appended a quotation of elegiac verses—

"The strife is o'er, death's seal is set
On ashy lip and marble brow;
'Tis o'er, though faintly lingers yet
Upon her cheek a life-like glow."

No. 1238, 'The Youthful Achilles,' H. BANDEL, is the story of his being disguised in female attire among the daughters of Lycomedes. He has put on the helmet, and has taken the shield which Ulysses, in the character of a hawker, had brought for sale. There is some originality in the idea, but the figure is carelessly modelled and badly cast. No. 1239, 'The Skipping Girl, a statue in plaster,' by MRS. THORNYCROFT, a figure of the size of life, is studied to represent graceful movement, in which it is highly successful; the work looks like a portrait statue. No. 1240, 'Egeria,' J. H. FOLEY, A., is a large figure of much sweetness of character, presented in a pose of relief, and conceived rather in the spirit of human charity than of glorified deity. It has been executed in marble for the Corporation of London, to be erected in the Egyptian Hall, in the Mansion House. 'Hermia and Helena,' No. 1241, W. C. MARSHALL, R.A., is a charming subject from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." No. 1245, 'The Model of "Lalage,"' from Horace, J. BELL, is perhaps somewhat difficult of recognition. No. 1247, 'The Milton Vase,' W. J. WILLS, is an admirable subject; the bas-reliefs here are from the sixth and eleventh books, and the narrative pronounces at once the source of the subject-matter. No. 1250, 'Rachel, the daughter of Laban,' J. THOMAS, presents a very elaborate study of drapery; and the accessories of pastoral life assist the spectator to determine the subject. No. 1251, 'The Racket Player,' by J. E. THOMAS, is a nude figure, a study of action sug-

gested by the antique athletes. No. 1255, 'Maidenhood,' J. HANCOCK, is a subject from the verse of Longfellow—

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet," &c.

It is a statue of great refinement of conception, beautifully modelled, though the appearance of the lower limbs through the drapery is scarcely a feature coincident in spirit with the rest of the work. No. 1256, 'Rebekah,' E. DAVIS, is a large life-sized figure, semi-nude, bearing a water-cruise on her right shoulder; it is a graceful figure, but the two divisions of the nude and the draped are perhaps too arbitrary. Among the other striking productions may be mentioned No. 1267, 'A Boy Playing with Tali,' W. M. THOMAS; No. 1270, 'Statuette of the Rev. Robert Montgomery,' E. G. PAPWORTH, Sen.; No. 1271, 'Statue of Robin Hood,' Miss S. DURANT; No. 1298, 'Figure in alto-relievo of Miss Helen Faucit,' J. H. FOLEY, A.; No. 1296, 'Marble bust of Lady MacLaine,' P. B. TUSSAUD; 'W. Stuart, Esq.,' E. DAVIS; No. 1307, 'John Propert, Esq.,' J. E. THOMAS; No. 1315, 'Bust of the late Lord de Mauley,' T. CAMPBELL; 'Bust of the late Sir Charles Hulse, Bart.,' J. H. FOLEY, A.; 'Bust of the late Duke of Beaufort,' G. G. ADAMS; 'Bust of Mrs. Wilson,' T. EARLE; 'Bust of a Gentleman,' A. MUNRO; 'Love,' T. WOOLMER; 'George Lance, Esq.,' E. DAVIS; 'Bust of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Colin Campbell,' G. G. ADAMS; 'Marble bust of the late Sir Charles Adam,' 'Bust of the late Lord Truro,' H. WEEKES, A., &c. &c. Thus we find contributions from some of our most eminent sculptors, but their works generally, especially those that are imaginative, are below that standard which has won them the reputation they bear. Again, however, we must say that the light in this room is, we think, reduced by the means taken to diffuse it, inasmuch that but few of the works are really seen: dare we hope in a new sculpture-room that the designs will be so successful, as to obviate all the evils which are now so justly and so bitterly complained of?

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE collection of "old masters" is this season brilliant and well-conditioned; we have never seen on these walls any collection in more perfect preservation—many of the works have been cleaned, re-varnished, and some perhaps touched upon, but against none can any objection be urged on the score of condition. Here are represented a number of the best galleries in the country—not perhaps by the best works in those collections, because many of these may have been recently seen here; but by productions which, if they afford only an average of quality, declare a vast amount of wealth, a selection from which would furnish forth one of the richest catalogues in Europe. From the Queen's collection there is one picture—one of Wilkie's Spanish subjects, 'The Guerilla taking leave of his Confessor,' as about to enter upon a campaign during the late civil war in Spain. As a pendant to this work, there is another, perhaps also in the Royal Galleries—'The Guerilla's Return,' which shows the same man returning wounded to his home. The picture is executed with that sketchy freedom which distinguishes the manner of all Wilkie's latter works. The Duke d'Aumale contributes two Salvator Rosas and a Guercino. The South Room, as usual, contains examples of our school, with a mixture of older works. Among the former we always look for striking instances of portraiture, and now we find, as heretofore, brilliant works by some of the most eminent of our painters—those who have shared among them the mantles of Antony Vandyck and Diego Velasquez. Over the fireplace in the North Room is a large portrait by RUBENS—'George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, on Horseback,' with allegorical figures. The duke, mounted on a prancing steed, is en-

wreathed by cupids and arial figures in a sea-shore composition; it is throughout, in its qualities and disqualifications, worthy of Rubens. 'The Fish-market,' by DE WITT, is hard in execution and artificial in effect. Near these are two works by VANDERWELDE, which should be pendants, but they belong to different proprietors, Lord Enfield and Lord Derby; they are small, simple pictures, that of the latter nobleman being the preferable. 'An Incantation,' by TENIERS, is a curious piece of witchery in a garland of toadstools and brambles, all admirably studied from Nature, but, we think, with little connoisseurship in fungoids on the part of Teniers. A picture, entitled 'A Boy showing a Trick,' is attributed to LEONARDO DA VINCI, but it is not characterised by his usual feeling in anything. 'St. John,' ANDREA DEL SARTO, is a study of the back of a youth, apparently executed at one sitting. The two JAN STEENS, the property of the Duke of Wellington—'A Wedding Feast,' and 'A Merry-making'—are well-known pictures. The artist will never be a favourite with lovers of the finer qualities of Art. 'A Landscape and Figures,' by BOTH, is evidently a composition, but it is a successful imitation of the way in which Nature herself composes: it is full of light and genial warmth; all the objects, the trees especially, have been studied with the nicest care. Near this is a very remarkable portrait—that of Parmigiano, by himself—brilliant in colour, full of thought and character, and picturesque in attire, almost in too good condition to be of the time of Parmigiano; but he was one, it is true, that worked with the simple indestructible earths, before the chemistry of the Art introduced pigments of transient effect. Another 'Landscape and Figures,' by PYNAKER, is a production of infinite beauty, distinguished by a profitable tone of thought, and a masterly appreciation of the executive material of Art, in so far as it is available in the interpretation of the phenomena of Nature; and near this, yet another 'Landscape and Figures,' in which shine two stars, though of different constellations: these are RUYSDAEL and BERGHEM, the former of whom we recognise, but not the latter, because Berghem's effect is wanting to Berghem's figures; yet it is a picture of rare merit, although too composite in a variety of parts. 'A Dutch Family,' by N. MAAS, is a gem; and the VAN DER HEYDEN—'A View of a Town'—the property of the Duke of Wellington, is a most literal study from a street subject, in which no brick has been forgotten.

In the same room there are, moreover, a number of other pictures, which at once proclaim their high merit:—as 'The Marchese di Savorgnano,' TITIAN; 'A Sea-port,' CLAUDE; 'A Guard-room,' TENIERS; 'Portrait of Paul III,' TITIAN; 'Hobbima's Village,' by himself; 'The Crucifixion, from the Church of Vittoria, Rome,' GUIDO; 'A Portrait,' by MURILLO; and 'The Temple of Jupiter Panellenius, Island of Ægina—Athens in the distance,' by TURNER, one of those charming works to which Turner gives a feeling more reverentially classic than Claude. Turner qualifies his earthly landscapes for the abode of gods, but Claude disqualifies his deities as the mortal inhabitants of an earthly landscape. This is a magnificent work—one of those of his most intelligible period. In the Middle Room are three VANDYKES—'Penelope, Lady Spencer,' 'William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle,' and 'Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery'—but they are not among his finest works—not to be compared with the Dresden or the Petworth Vandykes. 'The Holy Family,' by GIULIO ROMANO, is evidently a studious essay in colour, very highly wrought, and full of material. There are two SALVATORIS, in which the landscapes are very careful,

and the figures unusually imperfect. They are severally entitled—'St. Paul Preaching,' and 'St. Peter taking the Piece of Silver from the Fish's Mouth.' And after these we find three gems hung over the fireplace:—the famous 'Bonnet Rouge' of TENIERS, which it is unnecessary to describe; a 'Head of a Female,' (modest title,) by GREUZE; and a 'Landscape,' by BOTH. The head is from the same model that Greuze worked so much; we find her, accordingly, in various pictures, younger and younger, or older and older, according to the period of the work. The tints here are extremely delicate and varied. The picture by Both is a small landscape, charming in airy, broken, and unpositive colour, and most masterly in retiring and unpedantic execution. In this room there are four Canalettos, all the property of Sir J. C. Jervoise—and all in excellent condition. We never look at Canaletto without feeling that he alone, of all painters, has dared to be faithful in his pictures of 'Venice.' We look at his houses and recognise them as habitations; his palaces are not scenic and visionary, but venerable and historical; he looked at Venice through a microscope, others look at her through a telescope. The remnant of the Cartoon of Pisa (so well known from engravings), a drawing by Michael Angelo and Pontormo, is in much better condition than drawings of that period generally are: this drawing is not less curiously muscular than 'The Fall of the Damned.' In this room are many other admirable and valuable works—as 'A Hawking Party,' PAUL POTTER; 'Venus Wounded,' PAGI; 'The Ferry-boat,' BOTH; 'A Concert,' DE HOOGE; 'The Embarkation of Van Tromp,' 'Portrait of himself,' VANDERWERF, &c. In the South Room the visitor will be struck by the excellence of three small pictures by P. NASMYTH; we instance them thus, because those we generally see under this name look like meagre imitations in comparison with these: we commend them to the attention of Pre-Raffaellites. 'Mrs. Gage and Child' is a small life-like study by GAINSBOROUGH, and near it is a picture by COLLINS, 'A view on the Beach near Cromer.' 'Sigismunda,' by HOGARTH, is an essay in the grand style, in which we should have been surprised if the famous ethic painter had succeeded. Two pictures, each respectively called 'Ruins' and 'Figures,' afford good examples of the manner and material of GUARDI; and near these, in 'A Dutch Coast Scene,' by Sir A. W. CALLCOTT, we recognise the expressive power possessed by that artist, in the description of heat and a breadth of hazy light. The portrait of 'Lady Ladd,' by REYNOLDS, will, as years roll on, cause increased wonder that such an extraordinary head-dress ever could have been worn. 'The Crucifixion, with portrait of Martin Luther,' by ALBERT DÜRER, is a small picture in three compartments, very highly wrought; but the drawing is not so satisfactory as that in other works by him. 'Garrick in the character of Richard the Third,' by HOGARTH, is a well-known work—perhaps the best portrait Hogarth ever painted, save always that of himself. Other valuable works here are:—'View in Italy,' WILSON; 'Peasants in a Wood,' MORLAND; 'The Bridge of Rimini,' WILSON; 'Elizabeth, Charlotte, and Horatio Waldegrave, Countess of Waldegrave, Duchess of Grafton, and Lady Hugh Seymour,' a group of life-sized figures, by REYNOLDS; portrait of 'Miss Hunter,' by the same; 'Landscape with Sheep,' GAINSBOROUGH, &c. The collection abounds with small works of much excellence, and, indeed, with many gallery-pictures of high character. Year after year may the enthusiast visit this collection with ever increasing admiration at the exhaustless stores of pictorial wealth which annually adorn these walls with examples of Art so captivating.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Death has recently deprived France of two artists—Jazet, the engraver, and Ducornet, the painter, an obituary notice of whom appears in our present number. Jazet was aged only 40; his principal works are:—'The Slave-market,' after Horace Vernet; 'Edward's Children separated from their Mother,' after Gosse, for which he gained a gold medal in 1842; 'Galileo at Florence,' after Gosse, and two subjects after Schopin, from the tale of 'Paul and Virginia.'—It has been decided that a monument shall be erected at Rheims to the memory of Colbert, the celebrated minister of Louis XIV., that town being his birth-place. The committee is presided over by M. A. Fould: the monument will take the form of a statue; the artist to be decided by public competition.—In the street 'Quincampoix,' on demolishing an old house, four paintings were recently discovered; an amateur passing by bought them for a few francs; this fortunate person is now in possession of two beautiful paintings by Chardin, and two by Oudry.—M. Lazerges has just finished a chapel of great merit at the Church of St. Eustache: it is dedicated to St. Anne.—The Gallery of the Luxembourg, lately shut for repairs, is again open, with several additional paintings.—A fine female statue has been discovered near Cherchell, which has been placed in the Museum; it is six feet in height.—Letters from Bagdad state that the splendid sculptures sunk in the Tigris by the Arabs have been recovered; they were excavated at Nineveh by M. Place. Nerroud-Bey, aide-de-camp to the Governor of Bagdad, directed the work for their recovery with great intelligence: we are in hope of soon seeing them in Paris.—The Emperor has visited the Louvre, in which are soon to be installed the different individuals who are to reside there; several fresh rooms are to be appropriated to various departments of Art, there being still an immense quantity of paintings, sculptures, &c., in the warehouses, stowed away, which are to be brought to light.—The Louvre has just made a most valuable acquisition in a manuscript volume in folio, filled with sketches by Leonardo da Vinci. It has been purchased from M. Villardi, of Milan, for the sum of 35,000 francs, or £1400 sterling. It is a well-known fact that, in 1797, thirteen manuscript volumes of Leonardo were transferred from Milan to Paris; one of these, which had been deposited in the Bibliothèque Impériale, was restored by the allies in 1815. The other twelve are still in the Bibliothèque de l'Institut.—The Italian review, *Arti del Disegno*, notes the recent discovery of a little picture by Michael Angelo, differing from that from which it would seem, Bonasconi, Beatrice, Cavalleria, Rota, and Landon, have given engravings. This little canvas represents Christ dead, on the knees of his mother, who lifts her head and arms to heaven, she being sustained under the arms by two angels.—A bust of the composer Lesueur has been placed in the Gallery of the *Académie Impériale de Musique*, by order of M. A. Fould.—A statuette has lately been discovered at Antwerp, representing Salvius Brabo holding the mutilated hand of the giant of Antwerp, and treading on a warlike instrument; this statuette, marvellous in execution, is attributed to Quentin Matsys; it was found in a garret of the *Hotel de Ville*; it is of iron, gilt.—The demolition of old Paris continues on a large scale; at the *Hotel de Clugny* large portions of the *Palais des Thermes*, built by the Emperor Julian, have been brought to light, having been hitherto shut out by the houses of the *Rue de la Harpe*; it is said they will be preserved 'en place,' and a garden formed, surrounding one side of the *Hotel de Clugny*.—The 'Hemicycle,' by Paul Delaroche, which was damaged by fire, has been successfully restored.—An exhibition is announced to take place at Amsterdam, to be opened on the 9th of September; all pictures, &c., sent must arrive by the 25th of August next.—On dit, an 'Arc de Triomphe' will be erected in honour of the campaign of the Crimea.—The Emperor has ordered of Horace Vernet the portraits of Marshals Bosquet and Canrobert for Versailles.—At the *Hotel Drouot* was recently sold a Cuyp, 'Interior of a Stable,' for 14,000 francs.—A gallery of a Roman prince has also been disposed of in Paris; when a 'Diana Hunting,' by Vandyck and Sneyders, sold for 4500 francs; 'Virgin and Child,' Macchiavelli, 5500

frances; "Zingarella," Correggio, 10,200 francs; "Virgin and Child," Ghirlandajo, 1700 francs; "Portrait of Taddeo Taddei," by Raphael, 14,000 francs. These three last were part of the Gallerie Giustiniani.

LYONS.—*A Museum of Lace.*—What, as we stated in a previous number, a public body is about to effect for Lyons, a spirited individual, M. Theodore Falcon, has undertaken to do in respect to lace, for his native place, the little town of Puy; wherein, it appears that, as a manufacturer of that delicate article, he has acquired an independence. It need not be remarked that an extremely interesting and various collection of specimens of that most ancient and elegant tissue can be brought together. At Honiton, or Limerick, it may not be known that St. Francis-Regis of the Roman Calendar is to lace, what St. Crispin is to the less refined pursuit of shoe-making—viz., its patron. M. Falcon meditates, it seems, erecting in his museum a statue of the said saint, representing him at the moment when, in the year 1629, he cheered the hearts of the lace-workers of Puy, depressed and full of apprehension in consequence of certain sumptuary laws just enacted, and exclaimed to them, "*Ayez confiance en Dieu, la dentelle ne perira jamais.*"

OBITUARY.

LOUIS-CESAR-JOSEPH DUCORNET.

This artist was born at Lille, the 10th of January, 1806, and was one of a large family in poor circumstances. Nature had made him the subject of sad bodily deformity, for he was born without arms or thighs; he had only four toes to his right foot, which otherwise was admirably formed. Until the age of six he was weakly, and could with difficulty support himself; this state was probably the means of developing his talent as an artist. The rest of the family being busy in their daily occupations, young Ducornet was left to roll about on the floor, and thus acquired the habit of picking up bits of charcoal from the hearth, and amusing himself in drawing on the wall all the objects that presented themselves to his eye. In the same house dwelt the nephew of M. Wateau, professor of drawing at the school, whose children were in the habit of playing with young Ducornet. One day they requested their father to show him how to draw a flower, who answered that he would teach him the principles of drawing, on condition that M. Ducornet should also teach him to read and write; the proposition was accepted, and Ducornet continued to work with the children of Wateau. The Mayor of Lille, the Count de Muysard, seeing the rapid and intelligent progress of the child, obtained for him a pension of 300 francs from the municipality. Some time after, M. Potteau, deputy of the department, with the assistance of M. de Muysard, caused him to be sent to Paris, and placed in the atelier of Lethiere, where he was treated by that painter as a son, and by the pupils as a brother. Through the intervention of Baron Gerard, Charles X. assigned him a pension of 1200 francs per annum, which was paid him until the downfall of that monarch in 1830: it was never renewed, notwithstanding Baron Gros interested himself greatly to obtain it.

Before 1830, he painted the "Parting of Hector and Andromache," also several portraits. At Cambridge he gained a bronze medal for his picture of "Repentance;" in 1840, a gold medal, 3rd class, for the "Death of Mary Magdalen;" in 1841, one of the 2nd class in gold, for the "Repose in Egypt;" and in 1845, a gold medal, 1st class, for "Christ in the Sepulchre." In 1855, he exhibited his last painting, "Edith," a commission from the Emperor: these paintings were all large life-size. He also gained several medals in various provincial exhibitions. This artist presents an interesting proof of what may be accomplished by perseverance and study, with even limited powers. Ducornet died in the arms of his venerable father, who never deserted his darling boy; he is now left in poverty in his old age. At the Paris Exhibition might frequently have been seen the extraordinary spectacle of a poor aged man, with a short middle-aged one on his back, mounting slowly the long and steep flight of stone steps of the *Palais des Beaux Arts*—this interesting group was Ducornet and his father. A sale is being organised of the paintings left by Ducornet; let us hope that the biddings will be sufficiently liberal to enable the survivor to end his days in peace and comfort.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

FROM THE GROUP BY W. C. MARSHALL, R.A.

THE sculptor of this group has chosen a subject which must have severely tested his powers of conception, if we examine it by those principles which are presumed to regulate the rules of Sculpture. Thus, for example, the arrangement of the figures throws the whole weight and substance of the composition into the upper half; the result is that when viewed from the point presented in the engraving, the work has the appearance of being what is commonly called "top-heavy"—a defect, if we may so term it, that might have been obviated by the introduction of a mass of rock, or something of the sort, at the base to act as a counterpoise. The stump of the palm-tree placed there merely to support the weight of the figures is not sufficient to restore the balance which the eye requires to remove from the mind the sense of insecurity, and to produce an impression of general harmony of the parts.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that Mr. Marshall has succeeded in overcoming a very difficult task in representing two figures thus circumstanced: they are of nearly equal size; and, ordinarily, the act of one person carrying another in his arms has an awkward, if not a ludicrous, appearance; but by a skilful arrangement of the upper limbs, and a judicious disposition of the heads, the group, in the upper division, becomes a graceful object. The sculptor has carefully avoided all sharp angular lines, not very easy to do when we consider the action of the figures. The work is not a recent production of the sculptor; it was exhibited at the Academy as far back as 1845, the year after Mr. Marshall had been elected associate.

We apprehend that few of our readers have read, since their school days, the charming little tale of Bernardin de St. Pierre; it may, therefore, be necessary to refresh their memories with the incident which forms the subject of Mr. Marshall's sculptured group. Paul and Virginia, returning from their mission on behalf of the runaway negress, contrived to lose themselves, and wander about till they come to a river, which threatened to arrest their onward progress. "The noise of the waters alarmed Virginia, and she was afraid to wade through them; Paul then took her on his back,"—the sculptor has very rightly placed her in the arms of her young companion, instead of following the inelegant mode of transport indicated in the text,—and passed thus loaded over the slippery rocks which formed the bed of the river, regardless of the tumult of its waters. "Do not be afraid," he cried to her, "I feel very strong with you." The features of the two forcibly indicate their respective feelings—the apprehensions of the girl and the bold encouraging words of Paul—the head of the latter is admirably modelled; so, indeed, is that of Virginia, but there is something in the expression of the mouth which is not quite agreeable: it is so long since we saw the original that we cannot determine whether the defect rests with the sculptor, or whether it is to be attributed to the way in which the shadows fell on the face when our artist made the drawing from it; we rather suspect the latter to be the cause, and that, therefore, he could not remedy what appears a fault without violating the laws of light and shade.

To those who can see no beauty in Sculpture, save that which is after the similitude of the ancients, works of such a character as this must appear "flat, stale, and unprofitable," yet in reality they are not so, though we must allow this especial subject is better adapted for the painter's art than the sculptor's. To us, whose duty it is to mark everything that issues from the studio of the latter, almost any change is a relief: we are wearied with Cupids, and Venuses, and Psyches, and Musidoras, *et hoc genus omne*, and are glad sometimes to pass the boundary of the land of fiction, and find ourselves in that of fact, or of that which seems to approach to it. Moreover, subjects that belong to the class we may term "domestic," ought never to be considered puerile, or beneath the notice of an artist of genius: he cannot go far wrong who addresses us in a language we understand, and in a manner with which our common feelings and sympathies are in some degree in unison.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE following pictures have been selected by the prize-holders of the current year up to the time of our going to press. The initial letters after the names of the artists indicate the respective exhibitions out of which the works were chosen.

'Old Bridge in Fella,' G. E. Hering, 200l., B.I.; 'Shades of Autumn,' A. W. Williams, 150l., N.I.; 'The Mid-day Meal,' H. B. Willis, 100l., N.I.; 'Hotel de Ville,' W. Callow, 73l. 10s., W.C.S.; 'Oyster Dredging,' E. Duncan, 105l., W.C.S.; 'Cocheim on the Moselle,' V. Cole, 75l., S.B.A.; 'View in Dove Dale,' J. C. Ward, 80l., S.B.A.; 'Scene from the "Gentle Shepherd,"' W. Underhill, 60l., B.I.; 'Early Morning,' H. B. Willis, 60l., N.I.; 'Medmenham Abbey,' H. J. Boddington, 60l., S.B.A.; 'Youthful Gamblers,' T. Clater, 60l., S.B.A.; 'A Summer's Morning,' H. J. Boddington, 60l., S.B.A.; 'A Group of Wild Flowers,' Mrs. Withers, 50l., N.I.; 'Landscape with Sheep and Figures,' G. Cole, 50l., R.A.; 'Dutch Vessels entering Lillo,' T. S. Robins, 50l., N.I.; 'On the Conway,' J. C. Ward, 50l., S.B.A.; 'Holy Island,' W. H. Paton, 50l., R.S.A.; 'A Welsh Fireside,' D. W. Deane, 50l., R.A.; 'Landscape with Cattle,' J. E. Meadows, 40l., S.B.A.; 'The First Buttons,' D. H. Friston, 30l., R.A.; 'A Somersetshire Lane,' G. Fripp, 47l. 6s., W.C.S.; 'An English Lane,' H. J. Boddington, 40l., S.B.A.; 'The Pilgrimage Church of Bethanien,' A. F. Rolfe, 35l., S.B.A.; 'Homestead,' C. Davidson, 40l., W.C.S.; 'Thames Tow-barge,' W. S. Rose, 35l., N.I.; 'The Woodman's Repast,' H. P. Parker, 40l., N.I.; 'Ruée de Guerre,' T. M. Joy, 35l., B.I.; 'Scene near In-y-sy-buth,' J. Tennant, 50l., S.B.A.; 'Goat Fell, Isle of Arran,' G. Cole, 36l., S.B.A.; 'Summer Shade,' E. G. Warren, 25l., N.W.C.; 'Yorkshire Farm-house Kitchen,' E. Cockburn, 21l., S.B.A.; 'Way-side Inn,' R. Brandard, 25l., B.I.; 'View in Barmouth,' A. Clint, 25l., S.B.A.; 'The Mumbles, in Swansea,' G. Wolfe, 25l., S.B.A.; 'Gipsies in a Wood,' J. E. Meadows, 35l., N.I.; 'All Saints' Church, Hastings,' C. Davidson, 25l., W.C.S.; 'Surrey Scenery,' W. Lukeing, 25l., N.I.; 'Rain, Coast of Boulogne,' J. J. Jenkins, 26l. 6s., W.C.S.; 'On the Look-out,' J. Henzell, 25l., S.B.A.; 'Welsh Ford,' G. Shalders, 25l., S.B.A.; 'A Ferry-boat, Loch Leven,' W. Luker, 26l. 5s., R.A.; 'Vegetable-market, Venice,' J. H. Degville, 26l. 5s., N.W.C.S.; 'A Weary Journey,' C. Dukes, 25l., R.A.; 'Old Gateway, Guernsey,' J. P. Naftel, 25l., W.C.S.; 'A Forest Stream, Evening,' E. Gill, 30l., R.A.; 'A River Bit, North Wales,' J. Dearnley, 25l., B.I.; 'Afternoon,' A. J. Stark, 25l., S.B.A.; 'Laura,' T. M. B. Marshall, 25l., R.A.; 'Head of Loch Lomond,' P. C. Auld, 30l., S.B.A.; 'Dutch Vessel beating out of Harbour,' E. Hayes, 20l., N.I.; 'A Beech Grove,' P. O. Finch, 20l., W.C.S.; 'The First Scrape,' R. Farrier, 20l., R.A.; 'The Evening Gun at Castle Cornet,' J. P. Naftel, 25l., W.C.S.; 'Surrey Cott Scenery,' J. J. Wilson, 20l., R.A.; 'A Water-Mill, Dolgelly,' A. Barland, 20l., S.B.A.; 'Goldfinch, and other Singing Birds,' Mrs. Withers, 20l., S.B.A.; 'Rouen,' A. Montague, 20l., N.I.; 'A Farm Pond,' J. Stark, 20l., B.I.; 'Highland Courtship,' Jessie Macleod, 25l., S.B.A.; 'Trellis Vine,' W. W. Fenn, 20l., R.A.; 'The Last Gleam in the West,' H. B. Gray, 20l., N.I.; 'Roman Peasant Girl,' T. Godderson, 20l., B.I.; 'Fresh Breeze,' J. Meadows, 20l., S.B.A.; 'Favourite Retreat, North Wales,' F. W. Hulme, 20l., R.A.; 'Distant View of Edinburgh,' J. Callow, 21l., W.C.S.; 'Turf Boats,' M. A. Hayes, 21l., N.W.C.S.; 'Dunkirk,' A. Herbert, 30l., R.A.; 'Fresh from the Garden,' O. Oakley, 21l., W.C.S.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

STOKE-UPON-TRENT.—The committee appointed to promote the erection of baths and washhouses in Stoke-upon-Trent, towards which Mr. H. Minton lately offered £500, have unanimously resolved, "That his recent liberal offer of the sum of £500, towards the erection of public baths in this town, affords a desirable opportunity for giving public expression to the regard generally entertained throughout the country for his public and private character." The project (according to the *Stafford Advertiser*) is to erect a public building by subscription, which shall adjoin the baths, and be appropriated to the advancement of Art and Literature, particularly amongst the young, and with which Mr. Minton's name is to be associated in perpetuity. Few gentlemen have deserved better of his neighbours than Mr. Minton; he has been foremost in every good work in the district for which, as a



PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

ENGRAVED BY E. ROFFE, FROM THE GROUP BY W. C. MARSHALL, R. A.



manufacturer, he has done so much. But his useful labours have been far more widely extended: he has elevated the repute of British porcelain in all parts of the world, and so increased the trade in one of the most important of the Art-productions of his country. Although the Potteries are more directly interested in this "Testimonial," there is no reason why it should be limited to them, and we hope it will not be so.

GLASGOW.—The town-council of Glasgow recently had a long debate on the propriety of purchasing the "M'Lellan Gallery," described in the *Art-Journal* of December last. We had understood that the late Mr. M'Lellan had presented his pictures, and the edifice he caused to be built for their reception, to the citizens of Glasgow, and we so stated; but it seems, from the discussion referred to, that a sum of above £40,000 will have to be paid for their acquisition. A motion was made, that "the purchase of the property, on the terms proposed, be not agreed to;" to which the Lord-Provost proposed an amendment, that the "Council take over the buildings and pictures at the price of £44,500," which was agreed to on a division, by a majority of five; forty-three councillors being present, and voting. Some curious remarks were made, during the discussion, on the state and quality of the pictures: one speaker objecting to the purchase on the ground that the collection contained too many representations of the nude figure; another said that Mr. M'Lellan himself used to attempt to improve the paintings by touching them; and that the first thing the council must do, if the purchase were effected, would be to "bring them back to their pristine state." Another connoisseur remarked, "that he never saw anywhere such a large collection of rubbish in the shape of paintings as was to be seen in this gallery." The majority, however, were of a different opinion, and testified it by their votes.

ROYSTON.—The small town of Royston, in Hertfordshire, which contains a population of not more than 2000 persons, now has its Institute, devoted to literary, scientific, and educational purposes, with a Museum—comprising more than nine hundred specimens of artistic and scientific objects—library, reading-rooms, class-rooms, and a spacious lecture-hall. At the inauguration of the building, which has just been completed, Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., delivered a lecture on the purposes to which the edifice is devoted, and on the general character of the contents of the museum. The number of subscribers to the Institute, paying for the privilege of attending it, is already 240, or about one-eighth of the entire population.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF PORTRAITURE.—Parliament has granted £2000 as its first annual contribution to a National Gallery of Portraiture; so far the wise and patriotic recommendation of the Earl of Stanhope has been carried out. The work is at all events commenced; although the sum is so small, it was not given without a murmur: the objections urged might have been urged against any project by which the people are to be enlightened and encouraged—against any tax that was to pay a thousandfold, by removing from the future the national reproach we have had to endure in the present and the past. If "history is biography teaching by example," there can be no teachers like the portraits of great and good men, who have been public benefactors. Nelson is not the only hero whose incitement to victory was a niche in Westminster Abbey; and who shall say what heroism of intellect may not be stirred into action by the prospect of a place among British worthies in this gallery? It will be at once a stimulus and a reward. Some apprehension was expressed lest the collection might be sectarian and not catholic. We know that a narrow and shallow prejudice kept the statue of Cromwell from the Palace, and Byron from the Abbey, at Westminster; but we cannot dread the influence of so poor a spirit in forming a collection that will be so emphatically the property of the people. Probably the first effort to familiarise the public with this valuable novelty will be to borrow from various sources authentic portraits, and exhibit them at Kensington—a more graceful inauguration of the new building could scarcely be desired. It would then be seen what works it might be most advisable to copy; for many years must elapse before a collection could be formed by purchase or bequests.

Original portraits are for the most part heirlooms in families, and can rarely be obtained; nevertheless, in time many acquisitions may be looked for. The sum to be expended is small; but judiciously expended on good copies it will go a long way—perhaps so far as to obtain thirty or forty portraits in a year, and these of the best order; so good, indeed, that the ordinary eye shall not be able to distinguish them from the original. The government has done well and wisely by urging and sustaining this movement; it is another step in the right direction for the intellectual advancement of the people, and we congratulate the estimable president of the Society of Antiquaries on this result of his patriotic labours.

THE SCUTARI MONUMENT.—We blush to write it—Parliament has passed a grant of £17,500 for the abortive attempt of M. Marochetti to record the triumphs and the losses of the British army in the East. "A portion of the monument" was sent off before the sum was granted; government having, it appears, safely calculated upon removing all objections to the work and the amount. Mr. Bowyer, indeed, in his simplicity wished to know, "before the committee agreed to the vote, what the monument was to be, what artist was to be employed, and how it happened that so large an amount was required,"—as if all these things had not been settled long ago, and the country had to do any more than pay the money. Lord Palmerston, in reply, described the monument as "of extreme beauty," which would, he was sure, be "the admiration of all who saw it." We presume to differ entirely from his lordship, and venture to assert that nine out of ten who see it will consider it only as a work of Art of inferior character, meagre in design and weak in execution. But that is not the main point at issue—there are half a dozen great sculptors (unhappily for them *British* sculptors) who would have produced this monument for less than one half the amount which the British people have paid for it; we do not hesitate to name them—Baily, Foley, MacDowell, Bell, Calder Marshall, Behnes,—reference may be made to either of all of these for confirmation of this fact: and in estimating the work at less than one half of £17,500, we include the cost of its transfer to Scutari, and its erection there. Any protest against this discreditable "commission" is now useless; with the support of the Government and the all-powerful aid of the *Times* newspaper, Baron Marochetti may laugh at any efforts to obtain for British Sculptors a share of the honours and emoluments he is destined to receive from the British people; but in the name of the public and the profession, we protest against patronage entirely uncalculated and unmerited, and which acts as "a heavy blow and great discouragement" to prejudice an Art in which our artists surpass those of any other country, but which requires especial sustenance at the hands of the nation, in order to remove the difficulties which must always stand in the way of its prosperity. We say again, there is no honest man in Great Britain, if he do his duty, who will not raise his voice against this act of gross injustice and absolute treachery.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.—Unhappily upon this subject we have very little to say: the resources of Art seem to have contributed nothing to the memorable 29th of May—if we except the colours with which professors of pyrotechny so lavishly filled the atmosphere. The streets were indeed abundantly garnished with crowns, stars, and letters V. R. and N. E.; but instances in which thought was exercised, and taste had laboured, were extremely rare. "Stars of gas," and "stars of lamps," might have been counted by hundreds; and there can be no doubt that a very large sum of money was expended on "orders" to purveyors to make "something that would do;" we looked in vain, however, for a solitary sign of originality, elegance, or appropriate grace. The result is certainly humiliating, and says less than nothing for the advancing progress of the age. There are but two examples which call for especial comment—the illumination at the National Gallery, and that at the Board of Trade in Whitehall. The public had a right to expect that some evidence of proceedings within should have been indicated without. In the former, the exhibition of the Royal Academy was at its zenith: our best artists are members thereof, and might have been called to council by the trustees: all they could do, however, or all they did do, was to put up a monstrous black board, with holes in it, through which holes were seen a couple of stars, a crescent,

a couple of crowns, letters V. A. and letters N. E., and a couple of laurel branches, not forgetting the name of the designer—some one at "Houndsditch"—which figured in illuminated letters a foot long in the corner. It was a display that might have been creditable to Madame Tussaud—but was to the last degree deplorable as the contribution of our National Gallery and Royal Academy, in combination, to tender homage to the great festival of a nation. The "show" at the Board of Trade was worse: this Board has the direction of the Government School of Art, and the masters thereof are at its beck and command. All that could be accomplished here was to put up seven gigantic letters—the word PEACE, with the letter V. before, and the letter N. at the end: these seven letters being linked together by a huge red cable, from which issued blue bands, to which the letters were suspended—the A., as a centre, having leaped a few feet above the rest. Both instances were proofs of low judgment and wretched taste; and may supply sufficient apologies for shortcomings everywhere. A glorious opportunity has thus been lost: surely the Royal Academy should have come to the rescue; and as surely the Board of Trade might have shown what its staff of Art-teachers and Art-students could do at Marlborough House. Verily, "they manage these things better in France." In Belgium, and in any of the German states, such an occasion would have been eagerly seized upon to give lessons in Art, and "the people" would not only have been delighted but instructed. Here it has been worse than lost. No one of the hundreds of thousands who walked the streets of London on the 29th of May went home a whit more enlightened, or with an iota more of veneration for, or love of, Art.

A GALLERY OF PICTURES has been formed at the CRYSTAL PALACE. The idea was suggested some three or four years ago: it has now been carried out; and, although of a character by no means satisfactory, it will be readily understood that many difficulties—some of them insurmountable—had to be encountered. On the whole, perhaps, the exhibition is as good as was to be expected; but another year may see, and ought to see, one much better. The Directors will do wisely to intrust this delicate task to one of their own body, in whom the artists may have confidence, giving due notice of their intention; for it will not do to make up a collection out of the "rejected" of the Royal Academy, and the "hang-on-hand" works of dealers, such as we now see in the Gallery at Sydenham. The principal object of the exhibition is, however, to accomplish sales; and it very rarely happens that artists of eminence have pictures unsold; consequently, to render the exhibition attractive, there must be a mixture of borrowed works; such is the case at present; there are two paintings—one by Sir Edwin Landseer and one by De Keyser—lent by the King of the Belgians; and scattered about we observe other loans, such as the "Charbonnier" of Rosa Bonheur. By far the majority of the collection consists of importations from France, Belgium, and Germany; a few of these are of value, but nine out of ten will find neither admirers nor purchasers; while the specimens of our English School, with a few exceptions, do little credit to it, and rather confirm the verdict of the Royal Academy hangers than justify a protest against their flat. Anything painted and in a frame seems to have been welcomed by the collector, come whence or from whom it may; consequently, there is an immense mass of rubbish, making up a large assemblage, indeed, but which requires to be abundantly weeded to give pleasure or to do good. Still the exhibition, inferior as it is, adds another to the many intellectual enjoyments supplied by the Crystal Palace.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—It has been observed with no little indignation, that Mr. RICHARD COOK continues to be a member of the Royal Academy, although another year has passed and no work of his has been seen upon its walls. We perceive the word "Trustee" is appended to his name in the catalogue—what this word means we cannot say; but if we are rightly informed, not only months but years have gone by since he has attended even a business meeting of the members—contributing just as much to their official labours as he does to their annual exhibitions. There is but one word for conduct such as this—and that word we do not care to use. Year after year this "member of the

Royal Academy" keeps out of that body an artist of industry and genius who would be a credit to it, and to whom the distinction would be of value. If the Academy have no power to prevent this outrage, it is to their discredit that they do not obtain a remedy:

"He who upholds oppression shares the crime."

THE WOOD-CARVINGS IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—The attention of those interested in the preservation of the fine wood-carvings by Grinling Gibbons having been directed to those executed by him in the Cathedral of St. Paul, Mr. Rogers, whose name is so intimately identified with this Art, has, by the courtesy of Archdeacon Hale, made a close examination in order to ascertain their present condition. We believe the substance of his report to be this:—Taking first the outside of the choir, which is enriched with garlands of flowers and palms, he found that these have been so patched and mended at different times that the original intention can only be made out by the marks left on the wainscot ground; and even these have been disfigured by black dirt being rubbed into the grain of the wood, which has rendered them rather unsightly objects than agreeable architectural ornaments. Examining next the inside of the choir, Mr. Rogers ascertained that the lower tier of lime-tree carvings has white mildew in all the diaper cuttings. On looking down upon the sculptured work from the upper gallery, he found it covered with a black dirt a quarter of an inch thick, which the damp atmosphere is forcing into the open grain, and under this mass of dirt is the white mildew. The same may be said of the canopied stalls, the bishop's throne, and the enrichments of the organ; in fact, the whole of these beautiful works are rapidly perishing, and in a comparatively few years will crumble into dust unless means be taken for their preservation. The success which has attended Mr. Rogers' restoration of the carvings at Belton, a report of which we published two or three months ago,—will, we trust, induce the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to entrust him with the task of repairing the Gibbon work in their cathedral. We understand he has formed a plan by which this may be effected without interfering with the daily use of the choir.

SALE OF DRAWINGS BY TURNER.—Ten small drawings by Turner were sold by Messrs. Foster and Son, on the 7th of June, at their rooms in Pall Mall; they were the property of Mr. J. Dillon, of Croydon, and realised nearly £1600. "Mount St. Bernard" realised 45 guineas; "The Pyramids of Egypt," engraved in Finden's "Illustrations of the Bible," 87 guineas; "Nazareth," engraved in the same, 126 guineas; "Old London Bridge," engraved by Goodall, 235 guineas; "Junction of the Greta and Tees," engraved in Turner's "Yorkshire," 190 guineas; "Florence," engraved in Hakewell's "Italy," 100 guineas; "Plymouth," engraved by Lupton, 115 guineas; "Saumur," 195 guineas, and "Nantes," 170 guineas, both engraved in the "Keepsake;" and "Idnarwt, Conway," formerly in the possession of Sir John Pilkington, 260 guineas. A set of early proofs of Turner's "England and Wales," with the etchings and intermediate proofs, was sold at the same time for 150 guineas.

THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—A bill prepared by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Wilson provides a site for a National Gallery, and after a lengthy preamble empowers the lords of the treasury to select and mark out such part of the land purchased by the exhibition commissioners, at Kensington Gore, as may appear suitable for the purpose of the site of a new National Gallery, with proper surrounding or adjoining space and approaches. This arrangement may then be considered final; and although there are strong objections to the site, perhaps objections equally strong might be urged against any other. We trust the building, when erected, will be worthy to contain the Art-treasures of the nation. Probably it will be the privilege of the next generation to witness the removal of the pictures; for Parliament, always reluctant to grant money for Art-purposes, will scarcely be induced to give a sufficiency except by slow instalments. We presume the present building in Trafalgar Square will then be given up to the Royal Academy; but we trust, whenever this is done, arrangements will be made for a wiser regulation of that body, and a government more commensurate with the spirit of the age and the requirements of the profession.

THE FOXLEY COLLECTION OF PICTURES, belonging to Sir Charles Price, was sold by Messrs. Foster and Son last month; the most important works among them were:—a small equestrian portrait of the Duc d'Orléans, by Velasquez, which realised 240 guineas; a companion picture, an equestrian portrait of the brother of Philip IV. of Spain, 176 guineas; and "The Battle between Alexander and Porus," by N. Berghem, 235 guineas. The entire collection, upwards of fifty lots, only realised about £1000.

THE GENERALS IN TENT AT BALAKLAVA.—A work of great interest and considerable merit—painted by A. Egg, A.R.A.—is now exhibiting at No. 6, Pall Mall; it is based on the photograph with which the public are familiar, and which represents the Generals Raglan, Pelissier, and Omar Pasha, in consultation. The picture is very carefully and very admirably wrought; the likenesses are of acknowledged excellence; and altogether few works are better calculated to make an effective print—a print which cannot fail to be acceptable as preserving portraits of the moving and guiding spirits of the war, whose names must be ever famous in history.

THE ALLIED GENERALS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL is another result of the war: a picture of very remarkable talent, and of the highest possible interest, has been painted by Mr. T. Jones Barker, to whose merits we have often referred, and especially in a late notice, which directed attention to his picture of "Napoleon on the Field at Bassano." The allied generals at Sebastopol are but the centres of groups—groups which represent no fewer than eighty of the more remarkable officers of both armies: the likenesses have been generally made from the photographs of Mr. R. Fenton, but many of the heroes have given sittings to the artist, and the result is an assemblage of portraits singularly faithful. The picture is of the very highest excellence—it is not too much to say there is no living painter who could have produced a better; each of the persons represented is distinctly portrayed, while there is no confusion, nor any undue pressing forward: it is a collection of portraits (and here is the chief object); but it is a picture admirably composed, in perfect harmony, and of very great interest, considered merely as "a subject." It cannot fail to elevate the character of the artist, who, in triumphing over many obvious difficulties, has given evidence of abilities of a remarkable order. It is to be consigned to the skilful and able hands of Mr. C. Lewis for engraving, and is meanwhile exhibiting at the German Gallery, Bond Street. We regret that our space will not permit us to accord sufficient justice to this very interesting and attractive work.

STATUES OF BURKE AND CURRAN have been ordered by the Government for St. Stephen's Hall, at the cost of £7000 each. Mr. Theed is commissioned to execute that of Burke, and Mr. Carew the other. Thus the authorities are proceeding by slow degrees in the work of perpetuating the "forms and lineaments" of our great men: hitherto the selection has been made with judgment.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S.—In our remarks on the stage-improvements introduced at the Princess's Theatre, we had occasion to remark on the valuable assistance Mr. Kean had received from Mr. Godwin—not only with regard to the "Winter's Tale," but to other plays of Shakspeare, which have been produced, not merely as acted dramas, but as practical lectures on pure Art—to instruct while they amuse, and to teach the most valuable of all lessons—truth. Mr. Kean obtained the best assistance: calling in the aid of those whose help could not have been purchased, but who, partly from respect to him, and partly from a desire to see the stage devoted to its high purpose of "educating," ably seconded the efforts of the liberal and intelligent manager. Among these, Mr. George Godwin was indefatigable in his exertions;—no one was better able to give assistance, and no one could have rendered it with better effect. In order to mark his sense of these services, Mr. Kean has presented to Mr. Godwin an elegantly designed CLARET JUG, in silver, bearing the following inscription:—

"To George Godwin, F.R.S., from Charles Kean, as a slight token of the high appreciation entertained for valuable assistance in Architectural Details, while carrying out the design of placing before the public correct Historical Illustrations of 'Macbeth,' 'Henry VIII.,' and the 'Winter's Tale,' produced in the years 1853, 1856,

1856, at the Royal Princess's Theatre, under Mr. Charles Kean's management.—May, 1856."

THE ROYAL SOCIETY is, it appears, to be located at Burlington House, giving up its present rooms in Somerset House; it has been resolved:—"That the council be authorised to accept and carry out the proposal of the government as to the occupation of Burlington House, on the understanding that the hall, which it is proposed to construct in the west wing, and which is to contain the portraits belonging to the Royal Society, shall be placed in the custody of the Royal Society, subject to the free use of it by the senate of the University of London at all times at which it may be required for their examinations and public meetings." The library of the Royal Society now comprises 45,000 volumes. The Linnean Society and the Chemical Society will also have accommodation given to them in Burlington House; and we presume in course of time the Society of Antiquaries will follow.

SOMERSET HOUSE.—The new wing of Somerset House, in Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, is rapidly approaching completion; within a very short time we may expect to see the scaffolding removed. The architecture is in strict harmony with the more ancient portion of the edifice; and when the new part is finished it will not only be a vast improvement to the locality, but it will constitute one of the most imposing frontages in the metropolis.

THE SCHOOLS OF ART.—Mr. Norman Macleod (the Registrar of the Government Department of Science and Art) has printed a list of the schools of Art throughout the united kingdom, in connection with the department, completed to May, 1856. From this list the following abstract may be given:—Established as schools of design, between 1841 and 1852, nineteen local schools. Established as schools of Art, since 1852, when the department was constituted—in 1852, two schools; 1853, fourteen schools; 1854, fourteen schools; 1855, two schools; 1856, four schools—thirty-six schools: total, fifty-five schools; including the nine London district schools, sixty-four schools. Number of persons under Art-instruction in public schools, 18,198; in central schools, 9041: grand total, 27,239 persons.

MEISSONIER A FOLLOWER OF IZAAK WALTON.—The *Artiste*, in a recent number, tells us that Rachael ordered a picture of Meissonier, of which she gave the piquant subject—"Fontaine reading his Fable of 'The Two Pigeons' to Racine and Boileau." Each figure was to have the price of 5000 francs, or £200, attached, and the work was to be finished, it is presumed, within a certain time. The subject was sketched, and one 5000 francs handed over, when, unfortunately, the fishing-season, with a tempting aspect, came in. Away is flung the canvas, back go the frames, and the painter abandons his study for some streamlet, there to illustrate the Johnsonian definition of an angler—a rod and a line, with a fool at one end, and a worm at the other.

KNIGHT'S COSMORAMA STEREOSCOPE.—This is a modification of the very popular instrument by Sir David Brewster. The advantages which it professes to afford are the greater facility with which the double images are made to form one picture, less fatigue to the eyes of the observer, and the ready adjustment of focus to different sights. By employing lenses of greater focal length, larger pictures may be viewed, hence its distinguishing name, the Cosmorama Stereoscope. Its peculiarities will be understood from the following description:—In place of the two small semi-lenses employed in Brewster's lenticular stereoscope, Mr. Knight takes a plano-convex lens, 3½ inches diameter; this he cuts down the centre into two halves; these being placed together, an equal portion is removed from the opposite diameters. These two halves are now reversed, and the cut edges are brought together; this forms the cosmorama stereoscopic lens. Thus the outer diameter of the original lens is now the centre, and the centre of the original now forms the outer portions, on which the eyes of the observer rest in looking through it. This being the best part of the lens, may, in some measure, explain the reason of the presumed superiority of this form of stereoscope. We cannot refrain from expressing our hope that with some modification of this form of instrument, we may have public exhibitions on a large scale, in which Nature in all the perfection of her dimensions may be viewed, and the eye may be gratified by looking on realisations of scenes hallowed in history, without the fatigue of long and tedious

travel. In the charming miniature-scenes which are now familiar to most persons, the great want, especially when the human figure is not introduced, is the means of appreciating the size of objects. The mind does much, but not all that is necessary.

PHOTOGRAPHY UNDER WATER.—In a recent number of the *Journal of the Society of Arts* is an account, by Mr. W. Thompson, of Weymouth, of the means he has adopted for taking a photograph at the bottom of the sea, at a considerable depth. The camera was placed in a box, with a plate-glass front, and a movable shutter to be drawn up when the camera had reached the bottom of the water. The camera being focussed in this box on land, for objects in the foreground, at about ten yards, or other suitable distance, was let down from a boat to the bottom of the sea, carrying with it the collodion plate, prepared in the ordinary way. When at the bottom the shutter of the box was raised, and the plate was thus exposed for about two minutes. The box was then raised into the boat, and the rocks and weeds then lying in the bed of the ocean appeared represented in the usual manner. There is no real novelty in all this, for it has long been known among scientific photographers that such pictures could be taken under water; but the advantages have not hitherto been thought to be commensurate with the cost and labour of carrying out the process effectually. We hope Mr. Thompson may succeed in perfecting his process, so as to render it actually useful.

COUSIN'S "BOLTON ABBEY."—An early proof of this well-known engraving was recently sold by auction in the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson for 40 guineas—it was originally published at 12 guineas.

TAKING THE BUCK.—Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—We have been much gratified by the inspection of an important picture by the above eminent artist, at Mr. Bryant's Gallery, St. James's Street; and are anxious to draw attention to a production so fully and favourably embodying those peculiar felicities of conception and execution in which Sir E. Landseer has long stood, and still stands, unrivalled. The picture depicts most graphically an incident of exciting action. A fine stag is just fastened by the hounds, having been secured by a rope firmly grasped by the huntsman. The whole picture, painted some years since, is a masterly effort, and evidences, together with the special fidelity and power of this artist's pencil, an amount of elaboration which he rarely bestows on his present works. The subject is of large dimensions,—8 ft. 6 in. long by 7 ft. 6 in. high,—the figures and animals being the size of life. There is no doubt that an engraving of this work would be extremely popular. We recommend the numerous admirers of Sir E. Landseer (and they include all lovers of Art) to inspect this picture; indeed, Mr. Bryant's Gallery will well repay a visit, as it contains a number of admirable pictures, both by ancient and modern masters.

THE FIRST VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO HER WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—This is another offspring of the war, and one that chronicles its holier influences. It is recorded in the annals of the day that soon after the home-coming of several wounded soldiers, her Majesty visited them at the hospital at Brompton, and personally expressed her sympathy with their sufferings: the Queen did this accompanied by the Prince and their children. So touching an incident forms a theme worthy of Art; and the artist, Mr. J. Barrett, has very effectually dealt with it. The picture is now exhibiting at 163, Piccadilly, and is about to be engraved. A more desirable contribution to English homes cannot well be devised; happily, in all things the example of the Queen of England influences for good every class and order of her subjects.

AN APPEAL TO THE BENEVOLENT.—We are desirous of directing the notice of such of our readers as are in a position, as well as disposed, to render charitable aid, to an advertisement in our columns headed as above. The case to which it refers is one eminently worthy of assistance.

IRON-WORK IN MILAN.—A correspondent writes to us to say, that "if some one of the numerous societies for the promotion of Manufacturing Art in England were to procure drawings, or even photographs, of the many iron gates, &c., in Milan, they would be a great acquisition to the British iron-trade." A published book of designs from the beautiful iron-works of the Continent is greatly needed here.

REVIEWS.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ÆSTHETICS. By JAMES C. MOFFAT, Professor of Greek in the College of New Jersey, Princeton. Published by MOORE, WILSTACH, & Co., Cincinnati; S. Low, Son, & Co., London.

The study of Æsthetics has, from the time of Christian Wolf, about a century back, been a favourite subject of inquiry with many German writers, whose speculations are rather curious than satisfactory; this is evident from the fact that scarcely any two of them arrive at a similar result as regards the principles of the science. The truth is that any attempt to theorise beauty, or to bring the perception of it within certain definable laws, as we would any ordinary branch of science—for this is what we understand by the somewhat indefinite term Æsthetics—must be only speculative; for, inasmuch as the sense to realise beauty varies according to the faculty a man possesses to perceive it, it seems impossible to reduce the subject to such a system as can be universally accepted. This appears to have been the opinion of Kant, who denied the possibility of the science of beauty—strictly so-called—because beauty is not a property of objects, as affirmed by Baumgarten and Winkelmann, but has its origin in the disposition of our mental faculties.

Within the last half century this branch of philosophical inquiry has engaged the attention of other continental writers, as well as some in our own country and in America, the latest of the Transatlantic idealists who have given publicity through the press to their theories being Professor Moffat, who announces that the design of his treatise "is to draw a line around that portion of philosophy which pertains to Art, indicating the main sources of the wealth which it contains, and the limits which its cultivators have assigned to themselves." The professor includes within the word Art a much wider range of subject than that popularly assigned to it, and to which most writers on Æsthetics limit it; for to painting and sculpture he adds poetry, oratory, and a certain class of literary productions. His book is by no means a dry, mystical, and uninviting compound of theories; but a readable and instructive volume, containing a large portion of truth, good sense, and sound moral, and even religious, teaching with a very little alloy of unprofitable speculation: the perusal of it cannot fail to benefit the reader. There are two passages we have marked for quotation: the one because, for the most part, we agree with the writer; the other, because we entirely dissent from his opinions. In the former he says:—"The relations of modern Art to society are unprecedented, and full of obscure but lofty promise; . . . architecture, painting, and statuary, especially, are in the present day in a woeful state of chaos and indecision. Some, looking back to the lofty and well-defined purpose and masterly execution of former times, are turning their hopes to a revival of exclusive fraternities as the only means of correcting the present disorder. But all such attempts are vain: history never repeats herself. We are evidently in the transition state to something greater than has yet appeared—an age of Art, where no exclusive caste or profession shall dictate style, but the enlightened taste of a whole people, under the nobler, moral, and religious light of a pure Christianity. The transition state must necessarily be chaotic, but the elements will arrange themselves correctly in the end, and the greater their number and diversity, the higher shall be that Art which effects their harmony."

The other passage is this—it is from the chapter headed "Critical Authority":—"Whence does criticism derive its authority? From the dictatorial style of the anonymous and mysterious reviewers of recent times, one is haunted with the impression that they must be something more than men, enjoying revelations on the subject of taste, which it must be impious to controvert. All the leading reviews of the day are addressed to such an impression. Taking for granted that they alone are correct, and that none other has a right to any opinion at all, they never manifest the shadow of a suspicion that they can, by any possibility, be guilty of a mistake. Behind the screen of the review, and the editorial *see*, the critic, no matter how ignorant or stupid, assumes to himself infallibility, and writes as one having authority. Constituting himself a judge, and regarding the author as a culprit arraigned at his bar, he proceeds, in the awful majesty of office, to pronounce that sentence which he deems must be final—incontrovertible, because he has said it. Very rarely is there any, the least, show of reasoning on common principles, or any attempt to justify the decision by clear and cautious argument. The unknown critic is supreme—his word the law."

Now in these remarks, both ungenerous and unjust, Professor Moffat is not alluding to compar-

tively obscure publications; for he immediately refers to the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and the *North American Review*; and adds, that "many a decision received as the authoritative voice of the very Delphi of criticism, has afterward been woefully shorn of its glory, contracted in its dimensions, and treated with a contemptuous everyday familiarity, when found to be only the private opinion of Lord Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, or Mr. Macaulay." Why Mr. Moffat has singled out the Whig critics for his animadversions rather than Lockhart, Professor Wilson, Alison, and others on the same side of politicians, we know not; but sure are we that no review of any pretensions, in our own country at least, exhibits the spirit imputed to it in the foregoing remarks. As a general rule the critics of the present day deliver their judgments—dictated by sound learning and a thorough acquaintance with the subject they undertake to discuss—not as tyrants or dictators, but as scholars and gentlemen: Mr. Moffat would rank them with the public executioner; he would make Macaulay a literary Robespierre, and would couple Lord Jeffrey with Judge Jeffries. We protest against his verdict; his own judgment must have been terribly warped to arrive at such a conclusion, while it seems an absurdity to have to defend such men from such an attack.

THE FRESCOES OF GIOTTO. NOTICES OF SCULPTURE IN IVORY. Published by the Arundel Society, London.

The Arundel Society has issued another set of engravings, by Dalziel, from drawings by W. O. Williams, from the frescoes of Giotto, in the Chapel of Santa Maria dell'Arena, at Padua. In noticing a former series of these works, at the commencement of the last year, we asked, "What possible benefit, either to artists or the public, can arise from the circulation of these prints?" and the sight of the four just placed in our hands only suggests to us the same inquiry. With all our veneration of the antique, and our respect for the name of Giotto, we cannot, for the life of us, supply a satisfactory argument for thus revivifying him from the sepulchre where he has lain for five centuries and a half. It is one thing to visit Padua on a tour through Italy, and see there what his mind and his hand wrought, as we should go to see anything else that is curious or historically interesting, but quite another thing to have his works brought home to us in their present form; however, this is rather the affair of the society at whose cost they are executed, than our own: we only think that its funds might be employed far more profitably to its subscribers and to the public. In the first print—the "Marriage at Cana"—are eleven figures: Christ is on the extreme left of the picture, speaking to a servant; to the right is the "governor of the feast," holding a cup to his lips—a coarse, corpulent figure, the type of "Simon, the cellarer;" one or two of the heads in the composition are successfully expressed. The second print represents the "Raising of Lazarus;" the resuscitated disciple appears to have been studied from an Egyptian mummy; he has not burst asunder his cerements, but stands closely bound hand and foot, and with the most ghastly aspect. A man so encumbered could never, except by the influence of a second miracle as great as the re-animating of the spirit, have obeyed the Divine command—"Come forth!" The prostrate figures of Martha and Mary are ludicrously drawn. "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" is next in rotation. In this also are some good studies of heads, and the composition, as a whole, has fewer defects of drawing than the three others; but the figures in the trees "cutting down branches" are absurdities; and the manner in which one of the "multitude" is "casting her garments in the way," by drawing it over the head, can only excite a smile. The "Expulsion from the Temple" is the last of the series: the scene lies outside of the building—a sort of Byzantine edifice, with a pulpit at the angle of the porch. Christ is represented striking with his clenched fist a man who carries a birdcage. Though Giotto, like David, kept watch over the sheepfold, and was thus employed when Cimabue found him sketching, it seems he paid little attention to the anatomy of the animals he had the care of, for it would puzzle the most learned zoologist to determine the creatures here intended for sheep. Certainly this publication does not increase in our favour as it proceeds; and we willingly turn from it to the other which the Arundel Society has issued at the same time—the *NOTICES OF SCULPTURE IN IVORY*. This work consists of a lecture by Mr. Digby Wyatt, delivered last year at the first annual general meeting of this society, on the history, methods, and chief productions of the Art; and it also contains a catalogue by Mr. E. Oldfield, M.A., of the specimens—casts of which are in possession of, and are sold by, the society—of ancient ivory carvings in various collections. In

the illustrations which ornament this book photography has done the work of the engraver. There are nine of these, by Mr. J. A. Spencer, representing some of the most beautiful specimens of ivory carving in the collection, principally of book-covers, tablets, diptychs. We see here works of real Art, which one can examine with pleasure and profit. Mr. Wyatt's lecture offers an intelligent and interesting history of sculpture in ivory from the earliest period.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER; OR, CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S COMPANION OF ISAAC WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON. Edited by EDWARD JESSE, Esq. To which are added PAPERS ON FISHING-TACKLE, FISHING-STATIONS, &c. By HENRY G. BOHN. Published by H. G. BOHN.

A book containing five hundred pages, two hundred woodcut illustrations, and twenty-six engravings on steel, at the price of 7s. 6d., is a marvel even in these days of cheap literature and cheap Art. Many of these prints have indeed already done duty elsewhere; but they are valuable none the less, and are for the most part highly meritorious in execution, while they are true and interesting as portraits of the things and places they represent. As a manual for the angler, it is without precedent in value—nothing has been omitted; all he likes to see, and think about, and talk of, and use, he will find here; while a practised, and not "a prentice hand," has gone over the whole, so as to bring it together with rare value and effect. Published just now, when the lakes and rivers are inviting pilgrims, and the fish are absolutely eager to be caught, the book is more than welcome, for it contains all that can be required for instruction and enjoyment as concerns "the gentle craft." Old Isaac cannot be read too often; one of the sweetest, humblest, and most gracious of God's creatures, who thoroughly loved his art, and who desired that all who would should share his pleasure, he bequeathed to the world a legacy which furnishes forth to-day capital as it did yesterday—and remains the source to which all must go who angle by the river-side amid the rich beauties of Nature. The time of the angler is never idly spent; and we maintain, upon the highest authorities, and against those who have written otherwise, that in this sport there is no cruelty, for fish have little or no sense of pain; abundant proofs might be adduced in support of this assertion. Mr. Bohn has thus added another to the many valuable books he has issued—books so cheap that they are attainable by all classes, and so good as to satisfy those who can afford to pay high prices for luxuries, but who may be, and are, well content with these editions of standard works in British literature.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A., COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS. By J. E. RYLAND, M.A. WITH A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF DR. KITTO'S LIFE AND WRITINGS. By PROFESSOR EADIE, D.D., L.L.D., Glasgow. Published by W. OLIPHANT & SONS, Edinburgh; HAMILTON, ADAMS & Co., London.

There are few literary men of the present age whose editorial labours have been more productive of advantage to the public than those of the late Dr. Kitto, who died at Cannstatt, in Germany, whither he had gone, in 1854, in the vain hope of recruiting his health. As the editor of "The Pictorial Bible," and "The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," and as the author of "Daily Bible Illustrations," with other works of a similar religious tendency, he has earned a reputation in matters of biblical study and literature, which men of much higher pretensions might envy. This he attained through a life which, as Mr. Ryland truly observes, "was, from childhood to the grave, a strenuous, unintermitting conflict with difficulties and trials of no ordinary kind." Sprung from a family of low origin, the grandson of a Cornish miner, he worked his way to his position by his strong energy, his unwearied labours, and his deep, earnest piety. "In whatever aspect we view him," writes Dr. Eadie, "he is a wonder. It is a wonder that he rose in life at all; a wonder that he acquired so much; and no less a wonder that he wrote so much. Many have excelled him in the amount of acquisition, but few in the patience and bravery which he displayed in laying up his stock of knowledge, in the perfect mastery he had over it, and in the freedom and facility with which he dispensed it in magazine, review, or treatise." The history of such a man is pregnant with fruitful instruction: a large portion of the biography presented to us consists of letters written at various periods—some of them dated from Plymouth Workhouse, of which, as a boy, he was for years an inmate; others when on his travels in Russia and in the East—and of extracts from his private journal. It is an interesting narrative.

THE SCIENCE OF BEAUTY, AS DEVELOPED IN NATURE AND APPLIED TO ART. By D. R. HAY, F.R.S.E. Published by W. BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

Having "said our say" upon Mr. Hay's theories as they have been propounded in his books that have come under our notice at various times, we need not enter upon a critical examination of this volume after the information we find in his preface. We are there told:—"My theory of beauty in form and colour being now admitted by the best authorities to be based on truth, I have of late been often asked, by those who wished to become acquainted with its nature, and the manner of its being applied to Art, which of my publications I would recommend for their perusal. This question I have always found difficulty in answering. . . . Under these circumstances, I consulted a highly respected friend, whose mathematical talents and good taste are well known, and to whom I have been greatly indebted for much valuable assistance during the course of my investigations. The advice I received on this occasion was to publish a *résumé* of my former works, of such a character as not only to explain the nature of my theory, but to exhibit to the general reader, by the most simple modes of illustration and description, how it is developed in nature," &c. This quotation will sufficiently explain what is to be found in the volume, while it relieves us from the task of wading through it.

THE LIVES AND WORKS OF MICHAEL ANGELO AND RAPHAEL. By R. DUPPA and QUATREMERRE DE QUINCY. Illustrated with Fifteen Engravings. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

This volume forms one of the series of Bohn's "Illustrated Library;" but, with the exception of the engravings now introduced, it is precisely the same book as that published a few years since in Bogue's "European Library;" it is, in fact, a reprint of the latter from, we presume, stereotype plates. De Quincy's "Life of Raphael" is perhaps the most comprehensive biography of the great Urbinese painter that has yet been written; the translation used here is by Hazlitt—both that and Dappa's "Life of Michael Angelo" are well worthy of being again brought into notice. The engravings which illustrate the volume include "The Cartoon of Pisa," a fragment of "The Last Judgment," "The Temptation and Expulsion," and "Christ Scourged," all after M. Angelo; and from the works of Raphael, "The Draught of Fishes," "The Charge to St. Peter," "The Death of Ananias," "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra," "Peter and John Healing the Lame Man," "Elymas the Sorcerer," "The Transfiguration," &c.—compositions that, however well known, never pall on the senses.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY, DESCRIPTIVE AND PHYSICAL. By JAMES BYRCE, M.A., F.G.S. Published by RICHARD GRIFFIN & Co., Glasgow.

A good general gazetteer of the world, comprehended within moderate limits, was much wanted. We have several bulky volumes, varying in their degrees of correctness and completeness, but all of them more or less objectionable on account of their size. We have carefully examined the "Cyclopædia of Geography;" we have sought for sundry out-of-the-way places, and have found them, with sufficient descriptive matter to satisfy us, and much also we did not expect to find. We can therefore conscientiously recommend this gazetteer as a useful companion in every library. In one volume of great compactness we appear to have all that is desired in a gazetteer, and some additional matter of much usefulness, in the form of a guide to the correct pronunciation of the names of cities, &c.

BRITISH POISONOUS PLANTS. By CHARLES JOHNSON, Botanical Lecturer at Guy's Hospital. Illustrated with Twenty-eight coloured Plates, transferred from "English Botany." Published for the Proprietor, J. E. SOWERBY, 3, Mead Place, Lambeth.

This is a little book which no school-room of high or low degree should be without. It has been suggested by the frequent occurrence of death by poison, from inadvertently—or ignorantly, we should rather have said—eating of pernicious plants growing in our fields, hedgerows, and wildly in gardens. It was not very long since the papers announced the deaths, in Scotland, of two or three gentlemen, if we remember aright, who partook of Monkshood, taken up from a garden in mistake for Horseradish. Had the gardener's boy, the unfortunate author of the calamity, received the instruction to be derived from Mr. Johnson's book, this sad occurrence might have been averted. We cannot

too highly commend this valuable treatise to the notice of heads of families and of schools everywhere.

PRACTICAL PERSPECTIVE. By R. BURCHETT, Head Master of the Training and Normal School. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL.

Among the many treatises on Linear Perspective which have of late years come before us, Mr. Burchett's must hold a good place: it forms the course of lectures on the science delivered by him at Marlborough House. Perspective offers to the young painter no one of those pleasing studies which are associated with all else he has to learn, and yet he must make its acquaintance practically, and to some extent theoretically, ere he can accomplish what he has to do: he must first learn to draw correctly ere he attempts to colour; and as Mr. Burchett observes, "he must be warned that he must not begin at the end or in the middle; he must not expect to understand fig. 16 before he has mastered fig. 5; but that he must be satisfied to acquire his knowledge in the order of the pages; that he must not be content with reading, but must assure himself that he understands both text and figures." This advice is not very satisfactory to those who look for a "royal road" to the acquisition of the science; but it is nevertheless perfectly true. All the student can expect from the teacher is a guide to show him the right path, and a friendly hand to aid him over the stumbling-blocks—and perspective has many—in his way: he will find both in this work.

PRIZE ESSAY ON THE STEREOSCOPE. By WILLIAM O. LONIE, A.M., &c. Published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

A prize of twenty guineas was offered by the London Stereoscopic Company for the best Essay on the Stereoscope. Fourteen essays were submitted to the judgment of Sir David Brewster, whose award was in favour of the present essay, as giving "the most correct account of the laws of binocular vision, and of the theory of the stereoscope." This intimation from an authority of such eminence is a sufficient recommendation of the essay. It may, however, be thought by many that it is one of a high philosophical character, and hence requiring much previous scientific knowledge to render it intelligible. This is not the case: the essay is written in a clear and simple style; and every one possessing a stereoscope should learn the principles upon which its phenomena depend, which they may do without difficulty by a careful perusal of what Mr. Lonie has written.

A PRACTICAL SWISS GUIDE. By an ENGLISHMAN IN SWITZERLAND. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

English tourists on the continent will soon be "on the wing" across the channel. To those who meditate a visit to Switzerland we would strongly recommend that before starting they provide themselves with this useful little guide-book—really a "pocket" one, but it contains a large amount of useful information as to the best routes, distances, hotels, charges, the most interesting features of the respective localities—in fact, all a traveller requires to know, whether he meditates a run through, or to proceed by easy stages.

SONGS OF THE BRAVE. Published by S. Low, Son, & Co., London.

A small collection of war-poems and odes by Campbell, Wolfe, Collins, Byron, Tennyson, and C. Mackay, illustrated with some charming little woodcuts, from drawings by B. Foster, E. Duncan, G. Thomas, and A. Huttula, beautifully engraved by Haral, Evans, and Cooper, forming an elegant and appropriate literary tribute in honour of the soldiers and "mariners of England." Most of these poems are already well-known; but it was a good idea to bring them together and illustrate them in the style we find here.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE PICTURES OF 1856. Published by HARRISON, London.

What could have induced the anonymous author of this pamphlet to incur the cost of printing it? A few commonplace, ignorant remarks upon about fifty pictures in the Academy, and a score or so in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, are all it contains: to call it a criticism would be an absurdity. A man who can only "devote a few spare moments" to the inspection of upwards of a thousand works of Art, should not wildly rush into print with his observations, even if he had the ability to criticise them—which this writer certainly has not.

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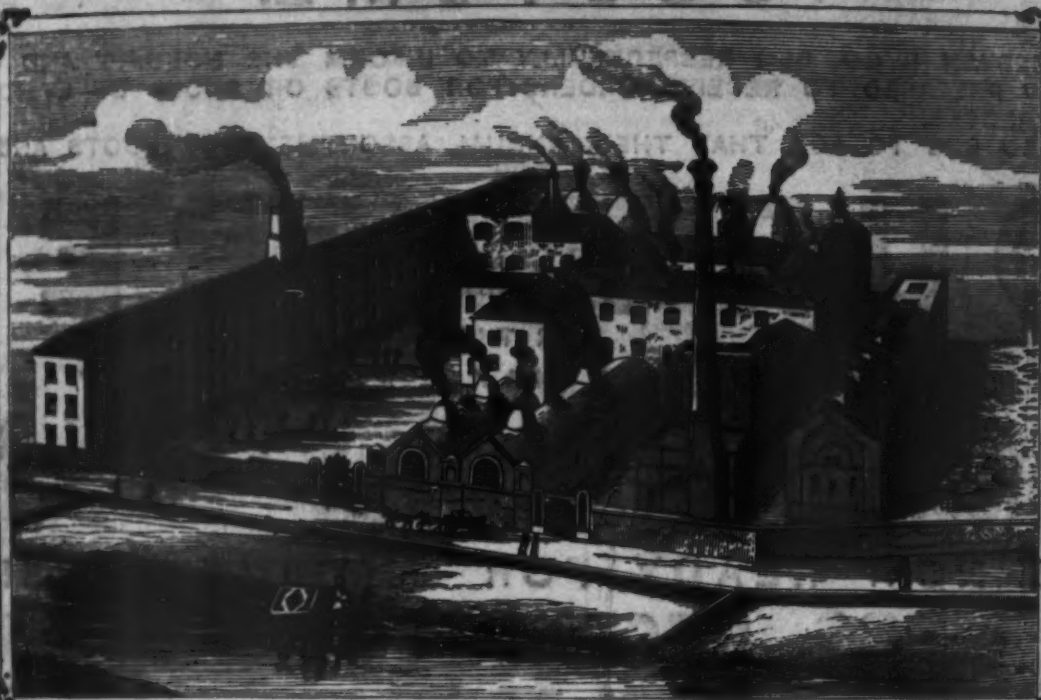
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